

RESOURCES OF THE NATION

Second Meeting of National Conservation Commission on Great Work.

OF ECONOMY IN METHODS OF MINING, FORESTRY, ETC.

Great Work Already Done and Reforms Planning for Country's Future.

Washington, Nov. 17.—The much talked-of inventory of the Nation's resources is now practically completed. To consider the material it has brought together the National Conservation Commission has announced its first full meeting for Tuesday, December 1, in Washington. At that meeting the first step will be taken toward putting into tangible shape the results of the six months' hard work on taking stock of the country's waters, forests, lands and minerals.

One week later, after the Commission has gone over the inventory, it will hold a joint meeting in Washington with the Governors of the states and territories or their representatives. At this meeting the inventory will be further discussed and the report which the president has requested the Commission to make to him by January 1, will be formulated.

With less than six months in which to make the inventory, the four branches into which the Commission is divided, aided by the co-operation of the Government departments have brought together what is probably the most useful collection of facts about the material things on which national industry and progress are based that has ever been assembled at one time.

All through the summer general interest in the work and object of the Conservation Commission has been growing. The public is now well posted on a subject of which only a few specialists had knowledge at the time of the Conference of Governors and experts at the White House, in May.

The Governors carried the spirit of the conference home with them to their own people, and have kept things moving ever since by appointing State Commissions to study local problems, by writing and speaking upon the subject of conservation, and by keeping in close and helpful touch with the National Commission.

When the conservation movement was started specific information about the actual state of our resources was partly wanting, partly inaccessible. Certain facts were broadly known. It was at least unquestionable that our resources had been wastefully used, and that some of them, notably the mines, were sure in time to be completely exhausted, while others, for example the forests, could still be kept perpetually useful by right management. The first work was to get the facts, to show exactly what the situation was and how it could be improved by measures that would work. Without an inventory of the resources which should show the present condition of the resources and the way to develop them to the best advantage, conservation was in danger of staying up in the air.

But the work is now practically done. The facts are there, in dollars and cents, tons of coal, board feet of timber acre-feet

and horse-power of water, acres of land. And the possible reform measures have been weighed. The final report to the President will be the necessary supplement to the addresses at the White House Conference. The note of those addresses was a note of warning. The report is expected to show that the warning must be heeded if the exhaustion of natural resources is not, one day, to impoverish the nation, and it will also undoubtedly bring out how the country's resources can be developed so as to last the longest possible time and serve the greatest good of the people.

Messrs. John B. Atkinson, of Earlington and C. J. Waddill, of Madisonville, have been named by Gov. Willson among those to represent Kentucky at the coming meeting at Washington in December.

LABOR LEADERS' TRIAL IS ON.

Gompers, Morrison, and Mitchell Answer in Injunction Case.

Washington, Nov. 17.—After several postponements, arguments today were begun in Equity Court No. 2 of the District Supreme Court in the contempt proceedings against Samuel Gompers, Frank Morrison and John Mitchell of the American Federation of Labor, instituted by the Bucks Stove and Range Company. It is alleged in the petition that the defendants violated the order of the court enjoining them from in any way interfering with the business of the company through boycotts or the publication of their names in a "we don't patronize" list.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC WINS

Kentucky Courts Decides Company Cannot Be Taxed on Intangible Property—Millions Involved.

Louisville, Nov. 16.—County Judge Arthur Peter today handed down an opinion in the long-standing litigation of the commonwealth against the Southern Pacific Company, involving taxes on \$30,000,000 worth of property. The court decided as to the taxes of 1907 and 1908 that the franchise tax assessed by the state board of valuation and assessment covers all the intangible property upon which the company must pay in Kentucky, and that the county board of equalization cannot go back of that and assess intangible property.

BIG SALE OF TOBACCO MADE.

3,500,000 Pounds Sold to the American Tobacco Company.

Owensboro, Ky., Nov. 17.—J. G. Englehart, manager of the American Tobacco Company in Owensboro, has announced that the Bowling Green Tobacco Growers' Association has sold to the American Tobacco Company 3,500,000 of air cured tobacco of the 1908 crop to be delivered at Bowling Green, Smith's Grove and Glasgow, Ky.

Expect Big Sale of Tobacco.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 17.—It was learned this morning that the conference of the officials of the American Tobacco Company and the officers of the Barley Tobacco Society, looking to the purchase by the company of at least 60 per cent., and possibly more of the 80,000,000 pounds of Barley leaf now in the pool, will be resumed in Louisville on Thursday. Both sides are hopeful that the deal may be closed.

BIRD LAW OUT SUNDAY

And Many Local Hunters Take the Field Monday.

A RESUME OF THE KENTUCKY GAME LAWS.

The bird law was out last Sunday, November 15, and it is now lawful to kill quail, pheasants and wild turkeys until January 1.

Sunday was a day of gun-cleaning, and Monday morning early our streets were thronged with men in hunting garb, preparing for the day's sport.

The Kentucky game laws permit the killing of quail, pheasants and wild turkey from November 15 to January 1; rabbits, from November 15, to September 15; squirrel, from November 15 to February 1, and also from June 15 to September 15; duck and geese, from August 15 to April 1; doves, from August 1 to February 1; woodcock, from June 20 to February 1, and snipe at any time. It is unlawful to kill thrush, meadow lark, martin, swallow or any other bird of song or insectivorous bird. It is a violation of the law to hunt on grounds enclosed without the permission of the owner, and the offence is punishable by a fine of from \$5 to \$25.

COAL HEARING RESUMED.

Independent Operators Witnesses in Government Case Against Anthracite Companies.

Scranton, Pa., Nov. 17.—With independent operators as the principal witnesses to be examined, the hearing in the suit of the government to dissolve the alleged anthracite coal trust was resumed in this city today before C. H. Gutbert, who was appointed by the federal court at Philadelphia to take testimony. Rapid progress is being made, several hearings having been held within the last few weeks. Among the independent operators to be examined at the Scranton hearing is John C. Haddeck, of Wilkesbarre, who gave testimony unfavorable to the large coal companies at the session of the anthracite strike commission.

STOP SALARY ADVANCES

President Asks Cabinet Members Not to Recommend Increases for Employees of Government.

Washington, Nov. 17.—Every member of the Cabinet was present at the meeting today. The Cabinet has been asked by the President to make no recommendations in the annual estimates to be submitted to Congress for increases of salaries in the departments. This will apply to government employees throughout the country as well as at Washington. The suggestion does not apply to cases of automatic promotion of employees from one grade to another.

Another Local Option Election.

The wets and drys will have another election in Madisonville on January 17, 1909, and it is to be hoped that the majority will be large that there will be no thought of a contest. Judge Gordon is very generally regarded as an able and a fair jurist, and while the leaders of the temperance movement are disappointed they are not questioning the honesty or loyalty of his decision in this case.

WILL QUIT CABINET.

Secretary of the Navy Will Retire On Account of Health.

Assistant Secretary Newberry Will Succeed to Vacancy About December 1.

Washington, Nov. 13.—Secretary of the Navy, Victor H. Metcalf today tendered his resignation to the President to take effect December 1, on account of ill health. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Truman H. Newberry will be named as Mr. Metcalf's successor.

For more than a year the fact that Mr. Metcalf has suffered serious illness has been well known at the navy department. Formerly of vigorous health, his friends expected that he would be able to regain his strength, but constantly recurring illness has convinced him that the only course for him to pursue is to sever his connection with all active work.

Mr. Metcalf has suffered from a nervous break down that has rendered it impossible for him to remain at his desk any length of time, and the chronic nature of his trouble has caused him to abandon hope of recovery while burdened with the care of office.

On April 15, last, he went to California and to review the Atlantic battleship fleet. He took a long vacation, hoping to be benefited thereby, returning here September 1.

Upon his resumption of official duty his illness promptly recurred, and he frankly told the President that he could not remain in the Cabinet.

APPEAL FOR DONATION

For Military Carnival and Fair for Gen. Morgan Monument Fund.

The Bee is pleased to publish the following letter just received from headquarters of Kentucky Division U. D. C. Editor The Bee, Earlington, Ky.,

Dear sir:—Please reproduce the following letter, as nearly as possible, and print in your paper, and send us, as donations, free subscription blanks of your paper, to distribute at our "Country Store."

"As a large advertising medium of anything you carry in stock, and also to assist materially a most worthy cause, we earnestly solicit donations for our 'Country Store' (of which Mrs. Estil Duke and I have charge at the 'Military Carnival' given in at the Armory on dates mentioned above. All packages to be sent to Mrs. Duke's address, 212 East Broadway, Louisville, Ky., express charges prepaid. We distribute anything from a 'paper of pins to an 'automobile' at ten cents per chance, with no blanks. In case you have nothing to advertise a contribution of money is always acceptable. We give you a privilege of displaying your advertisement on any article sent.

Thanking you, I am,
Cordially yours,
Mrs. THOS. J. MORRISON,
Chairman.

MERCY TO THE SOLDIER.

Shown By Gov. Willson in Case of Court Martial of Private Eppes.

Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 17.—Ten days in jail and a fine of \$15 was the penalty imposed by the recent court martial on Private G. G. Epper, of Middlesboro,

who was charged with deserting his post of duty on the farm of Dr. Samuel H. Haly, near Lexington. By reason of the fact that private Eppes is the sole support of a widowed mother and two sisters, Gov. Willson revoked the jail sentence. The amount of private Eppes' fine is amount that was coming to him for active service in the State militia.

Vannoy Sharp.

Mr. Otley Vannoy, one of the clerks of The St. Bernard Mining Company store at this place was married at the residence of the brides parents at Panther Creek near Owensboro to Miss Bessie Sharp yesterday morning. They arrived in this city yesterday afternoon where they will live in the future.

Mr. Vannoy has been an employee of the coal company here for a number of years and is well liked by all and is an honest upright christian gentleman.

We welcome the bride to this city and wish them joy through life.

HONOR ROLL

Of the Pupils of the Earlington Public School.

THOSE WHO ARE DOING BEST WORK.

Those pupils of the Earlington Public School who attain 90 per cent or more in scholarship, are excellent in deportment, and have no absent or tardy marks are entitled to have their name on the honor roll.

The following is a list of the honor roll pupils for the month ending Nov. 6, 1908:

Second Grade.

Bessie Blackwell.
Sue Boyd.
Willie Lee Bradley.
Fannie Fugate.
Ruby Gray.
Violet Goldsmith.
Annie Rogers.
Lella May Todd.
Willie McManus.
Dorothy Willis.
Mamie Fenwick.

Third Grade.

Charlie Ezell.
Edith Patterson.

Fourth Grade.

Pinkney Willis.
Thelma Patterson.
Ada Moore.

Fifth Grade.

Howard Arnold.
Paul Moore, Jr.
Fern Stokes.
Jack Whitford.
Porter Willis.

Sixth Grade.

Cammy Fox.
Farria Shaw.
Mary Brown.
Pansy Myers.

Seventh Grade.

Sallie Henify.
Willie Craig.

Eighth Grade.

Paul Pilkington.

Tenth Grade.

George Arnold.

Eleventh Grade.

Mabel Browning.
Leo Salmon.

An Enjoyable Occasion.

On of the nicest dances of the season was given at the rink Friday night by Eugene Foster and Frank Hoffman. A large number of our society people were present and the Earlington string band furnished music for the occasion. Everyone enjoyed themselves until a late hour when they departed, thanking the gentlemen for their kindness in furnishing a few hours' pleasure. A dancing club should be organized here and have a name, by-laws, officers and regular places of and times for meeting.

SAFETY IN MINES

Successful Experiments Made With Low Temperature Explosives and Schist Dust.

DISASTERS CAN BE PREVENTED BY ADOPTING NEW METHODS.

Paris, Nov. 17.—Minister of Public works Barthou today saw a series of successful experiments to prevent explosions in mines. The test were conducted at a station established shortly after the fatal Courrières disaster by the colliery owners of Livin. At their conclusion M. Barthou expressed the belief that the danger from coal dust conflagrations following explosions of firedamp could be prevented.

The experiments demonstrated that certain "low temperature" or "safety explosives" do not set coal dust on fire and that 40 per cent of schist dust, mixed with coal dust, renders the latter free from the danger of explosion. Deposits of schist dust at intervals in a mine would make it possible to restrict fires to a limited session of a shaft or gallery.

Experiments were conducted with a new respiratory apparatus in chambers filled with sulphuric acid and the ability of life savers equipped therewith to work for three hours in the most noxious vapors was demonstrated.

NOTICE.

A meeting of the Confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy in Hopkins county, Kentucky, is hereby called by the camp of Confederate Veterans at Madisonville, Ky., to meet at the Court House in Madisonville, Ky., at two o'clock in the afternoon on Saturday, November 21, 1908, for the purpose of considering acceptance of the Confederate Veteran Monument in the Court House yard in Madisonville, Kentucky, erected by said camp and to prepare and adopt a program and fix a date for the unveiling ceremonies of said monument.

All Confederate Veterans and all Daughters of the Confederacy in good standing and all donors to the monument fund are cordially invited to be present at said meeting.

Given under my hand this November 18, 1908.

Madisonville Camp No. 528, United Confederate Veterans.
By A. Tindler, Commander.
Attest, J. R. Mills, Adjutant.

Rootz-Thayer.

Married yesterday afternoon at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Ernest Eastwood, at Morganfield, Miss Edith Rootz, of this city, and Mr. Carl Thayer, of Montgomery, Ala. Miss Rootz is one of Earlington's prettiest and most popular young ladies, who, by her sweet disposition, endeared herself to all who knew her. The groom is route agent for the Southern Express Co., with headquarters at Montgomery and is a valuable employee of that large concern. They came to this city yesterday afternoon and after a pleasant supper at the bride's parents, left last night at 11:30 o'clock for Montgomery where they will reside in the future.

In reading store ads. most people are looking for definite information about some particular article—hence, merchants should quote prices always.

Every Day in the Week

Anderson PAYS RAIL-ROAD FARES

On Purchases at Hopkinsville

Local Happenings

W. S. McGary is confined to his home with a severe cold.

The Rose Juvenile aid society met at the parsonage Saturday.

Blankets and Comforts at all prices at Bourland & Mothershead.

Ed Long, youngest son of M. B. Long, is very sick with tonsillitis.

The Methodist Aid Society met with Mrs. Rufe Clark Monday afternoon.

Guns and loaded shells for the bird hunters at Bourland & Mothershead.

Mrs. Francis Young Kline now has charge of one of the rooms of the Public School.

Willie Cannon is very sick with typhoid fever at the residence of his aunt, Mrs. Jeff Murphy.

We have a complete line of men's and boy's overcoats.

BOURLAND & MOTHERSHEAD.

Saturday was St. Bernard pay day and Mr. Evans paid out several thousand dollars to the men in this city.

Ladies', Misses and childrens wraps and suits the to suitmost fastidious at Bourland & Mothershead.

Roy Johnson, of Princeton, is now with John X. Taylor. Dr. Taylor will take a few day's hunt in Ohio county.

Earlington is proud of her fire department. They did splendid work both Saturday and Sunday at the small fires.

Mrs. E. R. McEuen, who is now in the Gilbert Sanitarium at Evansville, is much better and will return home next week.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tresh, Friday night, twins, a boy and girl. Henry is all smiles, and all are doing well.

D. E. Kyle has purchased the restaurant of Mr. Adcock on the north side of the railroad and will run a first-class lunch counter.

Ask to see our line of shoe bargains. We have 75 pairs going at less than cost.

BOURLAND & MOTHERSHEAD.

The fire Sunday morning at Mrs. Harriet Browning's boarding-house was of short duration owing to the efficiency of our fire department.

Mrs. Harriet Browning desires through the columns of The Bee to thank the citizens for their prompt work in saving her home from fire Sunday morning.

Young Men, remember your wardrobe is not complete without a fancy vest. We can suit you if you will give us a chance to show you.

BOURLAND & MOTHERSHEAD.

Wanted—Hustler in each county as agent for good line of lubricating goods and paints. Liberal commission to reliable men.

THE CLINTON OIL CO.,
Cleveland, O.

We hope that the difference between the Confederate Veterans and the U. D. C., at Madisonville, will be arranged in a satisfactory manner. The Earlington chapter is neutral.

The carpenters have finished the new clothing room of the Grand Leader, and Jim Maloney, the popular manager, has put in a first-class stock of mens' suits, shoes and neckwear.

3 room cottage well located on Railroad street, good lot, fine shade, hydrant, etc. \$950 cash if sold in next sixty days. Write C. A. Moore, 721 W. 9th st., Emporia, Kansas.

J. J. Metcalfe, of Princeton, has four splendid one hundred horsepower, tubular boilers for sale, almost as good as new. His reason for selling is they have recently put in much larger water tube boilers, and anyone needing anything in this line will do well to see him before going elsewhere. Full descriptions given in his ad. in this issue.

The bird season is on and a large number of our sports went hunting Monday but the birds are not only few but are very wild and it takes an experienced man with a gun to bag many.

John Coyle has put in front of his place a handsome barber pole with an electric light on top. He has also had his washstand in the interior fixed up in the latest style. This is the best equipped shop in the state.

Buck Shaver, who is now living in Bartlettville, Okla., is in the city. While enroute home he met our fellow townsman, L. L. Patterson, in Springfield, Mo. Mr. Patterson is prospecting in the Ozark mountains.

Mrs. Walter Daves was hostess of the East End club on last Saturday. Misses Vanarsdell and Riley were guests of the club. Delicious refreshments were served after the usual number of games were played. Mesdames Delta Southworth, W. H. Kline and N. E. McKinnon won eight out of ten games. The tallies were dainty blue and red sunbonnet babies done in water color.

Gus Jones, son of Thos. P. Jones, of Hanson, who suddenly left this country twenty-four years ago and was not heard from for nineteen years, returned home for the first time one night last week and surprised his parents. Mr. Jones has been in the West these many years and has prospered. To say that his mother and father was glad to see him does not express it.

A party composed of Mrs. Harriet Browning, Mrs. Dan Evans, Misses Virginia McGary, Annadeal Bramwell, Elizabeth Kemp and Messrs. Miller Evans, Ed Majors, Baker Fugate, Ben Evans and John Moore, attended the school entertainment in Madisonville Saturday night. Miller Evans, who is a fine pianist, was on the program for a piano solo and acquitted himself with credit. The entertainment was a good one and enjoyed by all present.

A thief entered the store of Morris Kohlman last Friday night and stole several pairs of shoes, an overcoat and three suits of underwear. They put them in the railroad sand house, expecting to come back after them the next night. They were found and a man placed there to watch, but no one showed up for them. This store has been very unfortunate as it has been entered several times this year. The thief gained entrance through an upstairs window in front by climbing up on the shed.

Quite a little excitement was raised on Saturday afternoon by the alarm of fire being sounded by the whistle of the yard engine. The fire proved to be the roof of the stable owned by W. S. McGary and occupied by Thos. Stone. The fire company responded promptly and the fire was extinguished in a few minutes. The loss was small. Earlington fire ladies can always be depended upon to be prompt in responding to the call, and the fire last week and this one proves that we have a good department.

The ladies of the Christian church of this city will on Wednesday before Thanksgiving hold, in some store in the main part of the city, a Thanksgiving market. In this place there will be sold pies, cakes, home made candies, jellies, preserves and all kinds of ketchup in fact everything that goes to make a Thanksgiving dinner except the turkey. The place has not yet been secured but will be made known later. This is for a worthy cause and should be well patronized, and will save the housewife much trouble in fixing up the accessories for dinner on that day.

Not for Her.
A woman never arrives at the point in life when she is glad to be told that she "doesn't look a day more than 40."

Country Without Reptiles.
Newfoundland is without reptiles. It is said that no snake, frog, toad or lizard has ever been seen there.

Monorail Wheelbarrow.
A monorail wheelbarrow has been invented which will travel on railway rails, and is intended to be used in yards where there are many trucks.

The Moving Throng

A. R. Shelton was in town Saturday.

Jesse Phillips was in Madisonville Tuesday.

Will Durham, of Illinois, is visiting in the city.

Mrs. Clarence Keown was in Madisonville Tuesday.

J. H. Martin, of St. Charles, was in the city Saturday.

Watt H. Sisk went to Dawson Springs Thursday.

Lee Withers spent Sunday with friends in Evansville.

Young Allen, of Madisonville, spent Monday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Ott Powers spent Sunday in Madisonville.

Mrs. S. M. Kemp visited friends in the county seat Friday.

Mrs. W. D. Orr, of Madisonville, spent Saturday in the city.

Miss Charlie Davis spent Sunday with friends in Henderson.

Fred Ashby made friends in the county seat a visit Saturday.

Mrs. G. B. Fox, of St. Charles, was in the city shopping Friday.

John Blakely and Thurman Rudd spent Sunday in Henderson.

M. Cain, of Mortons Gap, was in the city Monday on business.

Miss Rose Egloff made friends in Madisonville a visit Tuesday.

Mart Long, of Pittsburg, Pa., is in the city visiting his mother.

Mrs. Dan Evans paid friends a call in Madisonville Monday.

Miss Jennie McGary spent Friday in Madisonville with relatives.

Prof. R. T. Maxey made a business trip to Madisonville Saturday.

Mrs. W. T. Sisk, of St. Charles, was in the city Friday shopping.

Miss Elsie Brown, of Madisonville spent Tuesday night in the city.

Curtis Lane, of Howell, spent Sunday and Monday in this city.

Dr. Curry and wife, of St. Charles, were visitors in the city Tuesday.

Mrs. Jas. R. Rash visited her mother in Madisonville last Friday.

Mrs. Wm. Todd, of the Southard neighborhood, was in town Friday.

Miss Pualine Kirkwood visited friends in the county seat Monday.

Mrs. Joe Mothershead visited her parents in the county seat Tuesday.

Robt. Longstaff, of Isley, spent Tuesday in the city with relatives.

Mrs. D. M. Umstead visited friends in Madisonville Tuesday.

Miss Flora Franklin, of Silent Run, was shopping in our city Friday.

Chief of Police O'Brien, of Madisonville, was in the city on business Tuesday.

Jno. Hankins, one of Madisonville's business men, was in the city Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett and their daughters spent Saturday with friends.

Rex McEuen and wife spent Sunday with Mr. McEuen's parents at St. Charles.

D. D. Woodruff and W. J. Faulk, of St. Charles, were in the city Saturday.

Miss Mabel Gough is visiting her cousin, Miss Ethel Oliver, who lives in Howell.

Ernest Nisbet, of Madisonville, spent Sunday afternoon in the city with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Atkinson and daughter are expected home this afternoon.

Neel Spillman, who was at home ill last week was able to return to school Tuesday.

Thos. Wines, one of the motor miners at the Fox Run mines was in the city Tuesday.

Mrs. Dick Taylor has returned from a visit to her parents at St. Bethlehem, Tenn.

Dr. Barton McEuen, our popular dentist, spent Sunday with his parents at St. Charles.

Wm. Bradley, our efficient chief of police, made a business trip to Madisonville Monday.

Farless Hewlett, of Hanson, spent Tuesday night in the city with his cousin, P. B. Davis, Jr.

Andrew Clark, of Paducah, left Monday for home after a visit to his sister, Mrs. W. R. Coyle.

Miss Annie Leahy, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Leahy, who is attending St. Vernon school in Nashville, will spend a few days soon with her parents.

Mrs. Elsie Robinson is visiting her son, John Robinson, at Nortonville this week.

Mrs. James L. Long and children, of Nashville, arrived in the city last night for few day's visit.

Mrs. W. Leahy, wife of our popular interurban conductor, visited friends in Madisonville Saturday.

Mrs. Ausenbaugh, who has been visiting her brother, D. B. Griffin, for the past week returned home Saturday.

Morris Fox, of California, who was a former citizen of this place, is visiting his father who lives near Richland.

Mesdames Ed Cunningham and Will Pritchett, of Madisonville, were guests of Mrs. J. R. Rash last Thursday.

Mrs. C. H. McGary, who has been in Louisville, Cincinnati and Covington for the past three weeks, arrived home last week.

Mrs. A. G. Spillman and daughter Miss Kathleen, left Wednesday morning for a few day's visit in Louisville.

Mr. M. D. Whitmire, who formerly was agent for the Metropolitan Life Insurance here, and now of Central City, was in the city Tuesday.



ALFRED H. JONES.

The subject of the above picture is a Hopkins county boy, who is striving to win the prize offered by the Louisville Post to the one getting the most votes in this district, and Mr. Jones is ahead so far. Mr. Jones is a Hopkins county boy, was born 18 years ago in Madisonville, and is now employed as bookkeeper at Barnsley for the St. Bernard Mining Co. His friends are working hard for him, and there is no reason why a Hopkins county boy should not win. Any one wishing to subscribe for the Post, can address him at Barnsley by letter or telephone, care of St. Bernard.

"The Fighting Parson."

A play that you should not miss is "The Fighting Parson." It is one of those plays that takes you along from one scene to another in a whirlwind of excitement. In the second act you are brought to the mission of John Temple, "The Fighting Parson." Here he delivers a non-sectarian sermon from his pulpit, which is one of the kind that makes you sit up and listen.

From this scene you are taken to the slum district. Here the Parson shows that while studying for the ministry, he has also developed himself into an athlete and can protect himself or any of his people from the ruffians of this district, which is something very seldom seen amongst the clergy.

W. F. Mann, the producer, will bring his newest success to Morton Theatre, Tuesday, November 24, when you will see many other wonderful things this young parson does. John A. Preston who will take the part of the "Parson" will be assisted by an excellent company.

Derivation of "Sheeny."

The word "Sheeny," as applied in an opprobrious way to Jews, is by some identified with the word "Chien," which is French for "dog." But others identify this word with "Shien," the initial letter in "Shekinah," which makes the original application of the term an honorable one.

The Rash Plumber.

"To save foolish workmen from incurring unnecessary risks," says the Builders' Journal, "is well-nigh impossible." Almost every year some rash, thoughtless young plumber rushes out and does a job of work—London Globe.

THE HIGH
ART STORE

MEMBERS RETAIL
MERCHANTS ASSN

ESTAB. 1869

STROUSE & BROS.

Railroad
Fare Refunded.

This is not the only advantage in trading or dealing at the High Art Store. There is the advantage of absolutely one price. There is the advantage of buying directly from the manufacturers at retail or factory prices. There is the advantage of selecting from the largest, best and most complete stock of winter suits, overcoats and raincoats ever shown in this section of the central States. When coming to Evansville come directly to this store and save all the annoyances incidental to shopping. We can sell you by mail if you cannot come in person. We are sales and sale agents for the best makes in mens Hats, Caps, Shoes and furnishings. Everything for the boy.

IT PAYS TO TRADE HERE.

STROUSE & BRO.

MAIN STREET EVANSVILLE, INDIANA SECOND STREET

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

For a Quick Buyer

I offer one or all of four splendid one hundred horse power tubular boilers, practically good as new, not a blemish. Two of them been in use less than eighteen months. Removed to put in much larger water tube boilers. The boilers have four inch tubes and are government test, carrying 125 pounds pressure. Will sell at a great bargain but must be taken at once. Flush fronts, not a patch or blemish, should be good for twenty years service with good care. Address quick or phone if in market.

J. J. Metcalfe, Princeton, Kentucky.

Slaton & O'Bryan Bros.

Furniture Dealers.

We keep in stock a full line of furniture at prices that are right.

Funeral Directors.

Coffins and Caskets in any finish. Any kind of trimmings.

Embalmers.

We are licensed embalmers and can give the best of service.

Madisonville, - - - Kentucky.

Don't Read This

Unless you are looking for something new in Cut Glass, Carving sets or Silver Services. A new line just arrived. I am awaiting your inspection.

Charles Truempy
...Jeweler...

Thanksgiving

Turkey, Chicken, Celery, Cranberries, Lettuce, Oysters, Olive Oil, Mustard Dressing, Anything in the Fruit line, and everything that goes to make a Fruit Cake. In fact we have everything usually found in a first class Grocery.

Anything you want for the Thanksgiving dinner can be found at our store.

The Clean Grocery

Webb Bros., Props.

WITH THE MINES AND MINERS.

Lee Favors, who is foreman of the drivers in new No. 11 mine, says in a short time that mine will be able to produce daily about 20 cars of coal, and if so, this will place it up among the leaders.

All trouble between the miners and operators in the Anthracite field has been amicably settled by the board of conciliation, which has been in session some time considering the difference existing there.

One State lately received the sum of \$2,181 for filing the charter of a new coal company, which owns the mineral rights to 24,000 acres. This is said to be the largest amount ever paid by a coal company for filing a charter.

The St. Bernard Mining Company are now receiving an enormous amount of mine timberbers of all kinds, preparing for a big winter's work, and also to avoid a shortage when the waters run and snow makes bad roads.

During the protracted drought that has existed in southern Illinois, many farmers in the vicinity of Mt. Vernon have availed themselves a large amount of coal, which they have found cropping out in the dry creeks and streams.

A peculiar case has been brought to trial in Ohio, at a mine, or mines near Athens. 300 miners who own dogs have refused to pay taxes on them, and the authorities have therefore levied it on the houses they reside in which belong to the coal companies.

The late election showed one thing plainly, and that was that Gompers, Mitchell or any other labor leader, can not lead the workingmen of this country to vote against what they consider their best interest, on in other words, they refused to take orders from hired dictators.

The daily production of the Old No. 11 mine show quite plainly that it has not been crippled in the least by the cutting of the new mine into two parts, or dividing it with the New No.

11 mine. The division means nearly double the production, the chief cause being the shortening of the haul.

Another frightful explosion has taken place in one of the European mines, with a terrible loss of life, and now we suppose a renewed effort will be made towards securing in some way, more safety for the miners. A step in that direction has been taken in this country.

Work on the Hecla scales, under the direction of Foreman Toombs, is now progressing rapidly, and it is confidently expected that they will be ready for use before the expiration of this week. This will be a great relief to the railroad company, who now have to weigh all coal loaded at the Hecla mine.

At Linton, Ind., quite a large number of men were reported idle by some correspondent during the campaign. This, the miners there indignantly deny, and state that never before was work better there than now. The only men idle are those who refuse to work because some humane operator refused to reinstate a driver he saw fit to discharge for cruelty to animals.

Another new mining company has been incorporated in Hopkins county, and a large tract of coal lands secured near White Plains. It is said that the development of this new mine will soon be under headway. So it can be seen that with the exception of that portion lying in the extreme Northeast corner of the county, an abundance of coal can be found all over this county.

Some men connected with the mining companies seem to jubilate over the fact that the coal business the past week or two, showed a weakening, simply because the party favoring the protective tariff, said that the return of prosperity would follow the election of Taft, but they did not say that the resumption would occur at once. All signs point to an early return of prosperity.

We venture the assertion that no mining town in the State of

Kentucky can be found wherein the citizens will respond more readily to the call of fire than Earlington. This has been made manifest during the past few days, when the fire alarm was turned in three different times and the fires quickly extinguished by our citizens, who in a few minutes were at the conflagration and went to work with a vim the same as they do when laboring in the mines.

Pittsburg coal is said to now be taken from beneath the surface of the Mississippi river, near Hickman, Ky., where a large cargo was lost about 14 years ago consisting of 28 barges, amounting to about 700,000 bushels. The low stage of the river exposed the coal, and the citizens nearby are availing themselves of the opportunity to lay in a cheap supply of fuel of the winter. Thousands of bushels of this same coal could be got from the Ohio at Henderson, where many tow boats have been wrecked by striking the bridge piers.

Locomotive Blasts

Dispatcher Devney spent Monday in Evansville.

Marvin Lanier is hunting this week in Crofton.

Conductor Lynn was in Madisonville Monday.

Conductor Pittman was in Madisonville Monday.

Jack Stokes spent a day or two in Nashville this week.

Quite a number of the railroad boys are off this week hunting quail.

Chester Hutcheson spent Monday in Henderson with home-folks.

Chas. Doyal who has been a conductor here for some time, has severed his connection with the L. & N.

Thos. Hart was called to Providence Monday on account of the death of his mother, an aged lady who resides there.

Mr. R. E. Brooks, who has been connected with the L. & N. R. R. for several years, has severed his connections, and for a while will rest here before going elsewhere. He has had several flattering offers made him.

THIS IS SAID TO HELP MANY.

Prepare This Simple Recipe at Home and Try It.

Get from any prescription pharmacist the following:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.

Shake well in a bottle and take a teaspoonful dose after each meal and at bedtime.

The above is considered as the most certain prescription ever written to relieve Backache, Kidney Trouble, Weak Bladder and all forms of Urinary difficulties. This mixture acts promptly on the eliminative tissues of the kidneys, enabling them to filter and strain the uric acid and other waste matter from the blood which causes Rheumatism.

Some persons who suffer with the afflictions may not feel influenced to place much confidence in this simple mixture, yet those who have tried it say the results are simply surprising the relief being effected without the slightest injury to the stomach or other organs.

Mix some and give it a trial. It certainly comes highly recommended. It is the prescription of an eminent authority, whose entire reputation, it is said, was established by it.

A druggist here at home, when asked, stated that he could either supply the ingredients or mix the prescription for our readers also recommends it as harmless.

Seeing What One Wishes. In all things throughout the world, the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight.

—Ruskin. A wise man should not refuse a kindness. —Herodotus.

Desperate Coughs

Dangerous coughs. Extremely perilous coughs. Coughs that rasp and tear the throat and lungs. Coughs that shake the whole body. You need a regular medicine, a doctor's medicine, for such a cough. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

Any good doctor will tell you that a medicine like Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cannot do its best work if the bowels are constipated. Ask your doctor if he knows anything better than Ayer's Pills for correcting this sluggishness of the liver.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

COLORED COLUMN

S. R. DRIVER, EDITOR

Gabe Langston is very ill. Mrs. Pearl Childers little girl is very sick.

Thanksgiving services at C. M. E. church at 11 a. m. and rally.

Sam Wortham is improving rapidly and will soon be out again.

Mrs. Anna Bradley and her sister, Miss O'Brien were in town last Sunday.

Thanksgiving services at A. M. E. Zion church at 11 a. m. Dinner that night.

Mrs. Patsey Buckner, of Hopkinsville, is now living with her son Mr. Wm. Fox.

Mrs. Vena Smiley, of Erin, Tenn., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. James Ventress.

Mrs. Tommie Sebroe is spending this week with friends and relatives in Indianapolis.

Miss Lizzie Cheatem, who has been visiting in Christian county has returned.

Rev. P. H. Kennedy preached a powerful sermon at the Baptist church Tuesday night.

No report from the Baptist or Zion church. Usual services were held at each church Sunday.

Rev. H. Amos attended the Educational union at Princeton last week. He reports good results.

Rev. R. H. Hall, who was hurt in the mine at Mortons Gap, by falling slate, was in town this week, he is improving.

Robert and Thomas Earl, of St. Louis, who have been visiting relatives and friends here for some time have returned home.

Rev. Allen Boyd and family have moved to Sturgis, Ky., where he has been appointed this conference year. We wish him great success.

Coleman Williams, who had the misfortune to have his foot mashed by being run over by a car, is improving nicely at his home in Madisonville.

The C. M. E. S. S. has taken on new life, its numbers are increasing. The lectures each Sunday are prepared with close study of the lesson. The new song books have arrived.

The exercises at the C. M. E. church last Sunday were indeed excellent. The Epworth League is being well attended and interest and enthusiasm marks the session throughout.

Lucian Moore and Mrs. Johnson Foster were happily married last Sunday night at the house of her mother, Mrs. Mollie Barbee in the presence of a few friends. Rev. J. R. Evans tied the knot.

Better to Proceed Slowly. Hazlett: Hasty climbers have sudden falls.

The Morton Theatre

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24TH

JOHN A. PRESTON

In the Great Drama

"THE FIGHTING" PARSON

A GREAT PLAY A GREAT CAST

Prices 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c.

AL G. FIELD'S MINSTRELS

Saturday, Nov. 28.

CONVICTS FIRE MINE

THOUGHT TO ESCAPE DURING THE CONFUSION.

EIGHT ARE BURNED TO DEATH

Only One of Fifty is Missing and it is Not Known Whether He Perished or Escaped.

Birmingham, Ala., Nov. 18.—Fifty state convicts employed in the mines at Pratt City formed a conspiracy Tuesday night to set No. 3 mine afire and escape during the confusion and as a result eight of them are burned to death, one is missing and the other forty-one are safely locked in the stockade.

The coup was cunningly planned and daringly executed. A pile of timber laying in the main way was set on fire and the convicts hoped when attention had been attracted to the flames they could make their way through the mine and escape by the main entry. They had hoped to be able to make their way along the mine ahead of the smoke and fumes from the fire. In this they miscalculated for nine appear to have been suffocated. The others appeared to be meeting with success when the mine officials suspected something. One employee saw the flames burst out and they came so suddenly and in such volume that he was sure oil or some highly combustible matter had been used in starting the fire.

Guards were at once placed and the forty men were caught as they came from the main entry. The rescue work was then begun, for, in addition to the convicts, it was known that there were a number of free laborers in the mines. All appear to have been gotten out safely, except the convicts near the source of the flames, who were early suffocated.

In checking over the prison lists Tuesday night, only one man is missing and it is not known whether he perished or made his escape.

The fire did little damage to the mines.

YOUNGEST GOVERNOR WEDS.

James Henry Higgins, Rhode Island, to Abandon Politics to Make Home.

Providence, R. I., Nov. 18.—James Henry Higgins, the country's youngest governor, Tuesday was wedded to Miss Ellen Frances Maguire of Pawtucket at St. Joseph's Roman Catholic church. The bride was given away by her father, John T. Maguire of 113 Spring street, one of the wealthiest contractors in the Blackstone Valley.

Gov. Higgins is only 32 years old. He was a member of the State House of Representatives and was mayor of Nantucket four terms. He is finishing his second term as governor of Rhode Island. He is a graduate of Brown university and of Georgetown Law school.

He declined a renomination for governor, which the Democrats and Independents pressed him to take, solely because he desired to settle down and make a home for his bride.

INCENDIARIES AT WORK

Two Fires in Mount Vernon Cause Over \$30,000 Loss.

Mount Vernon, Ill., Nov. 18.—The implement house of W. W. Coats & Bro. was destroyed by fire Tuesday, causing a loss of \$16,000, with \$14,000 insurance. The building was owned by A. C. Johnson, whose loss is \$6000, partly insured. The drug store of Rackaway & Maxey was damaged, as was the Boston Store; J. P. Vaughn's stove and furniture store total. Other small losses brought the damage to \$23,000, which included a loss of \$1000 by the Central Union Telephone company.

While the fire was in progress T. J. Houlihan's grocery store was destroyed. The fires were widely separated and both are thought to have been incendiary. The total loss will be more than \$30,000.

Wrecked By Wrong Use of Brakes.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Nov. 18.—The wreck on the Union Pacific railroad at Borie, Wyo., wherein several persons lost their lives was the result of improper manipulation of the airbrakes by Engineer Schley, of eastbound freight, who was killed in wreck, is the decision reached by an investigation committee selected to inquire into the cause.

Painter Leads Gmelich.

Jefferson City, Mo., Nov. 18.—The election returns from 70 of the 115 counties of the state were tabulated by the secretary of state Tuesday. On the returns thus far tabulated Painter, Democrat, for lieutenant governor, leads Gmelich, Republican, by 77 votes. The official canvass will be completed Wednesday afternoon, when the results on president and all state officers will be announced.

Harlan Not to Retire.

Washington, Nov. 18.—Justice Harlan of the United States supreme court Tuesday denied that it was his intention to retire from the bench. "I have never authorized any one to say that I have any purpose to retire," he declared. "Whenever I come to retire voluntarily I will let the public know. Just now I see no reason to quit the bench."

HENEY'S ASSAILANT DIES

MORRIS HAAS SHOTS HIMSELF THROUGH HEAD IN HIS CELL IN JAIL.

HAD PISTOL HID IN HIS SHOE

The Attending Physicians Report the Prosecutor as Making Excellent Progress on the Road to Recovery.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 16.—Morris Haas, who attempted to assassinate Francis J. Heney in court Friday afternoon, committed suicide in his cell in the county jail Saturday night, by shooting him self through the head.

Haas retired to bed early, pulling the blanket over his head. A moment afterward the guards were surprised to hear the muffled report of a pistol under the blankets. They stripped off the covering and found Haas dying, with a bullet hole through his head and blood flowing from the wound.

Investigation showed that Haas had cunningly hid a small one-shot Derringer in the back of his shoe, where it escaped the notice of officers who searched him when he reached jail. His foot showed traces of callousness from the pressing of the pistol against it, as though he had carried the concealed weapon in his shoe for days.

Overlooked in Three Searches. Haas wore gaiters with elastic sides which made possible the concealment of the weapon.

After he shot Heney he was searched by Police Captain Duke, Detective Burns and a police officer.

After he had been taken to the county jail, he was searched again; but at neither time were his shoes examined. Haas went to bed Friday night with his shoes on and again Saturday, and when asked why he did this, said he would rather sleep with them on.

His wife called on him Saturday, but two officers were present during the interview and they say she could not possibly have slipped the weapon to him.

Haas Practiced Shooting in Cellar.

The police are convinced that Haas had planned carefully his attempt upon Heney's life. In the basement of his home are the marks of numerous bullet holes indicating that some person had been firing at a target, and neighbors have been found who recall having heard the reports of revolver shots at various times during the past fortnight.

Morris Haas, the man who shot Heney, is a native of Wurttemberg, Germany, and has resided here since 1876. He is 48 years old and for nearly ten years, or ever since his release from the penitentiary, where he served a two-year sentence for embezzlement of his employer's funds he has been engaged in the retail liquor business.

Haas' Criminal Record.

Prior to his commitment to San Quentin prison, in 1888, Haas was given employment as a traveling salesman by Schlesinger & Green, wholesale cigar dealers of this city. On his first trip he was given accounts aggregating \$3000 for collection and the testimony showed that he turned in two fictitious orders. The collection of \$275 in San Bernardino, Cal., for which no accounting was ever made, led to a warrant for his arrest on a charge of embezzlement. Haas had disappeared before the embezzlement became known, and was arrested nearly a year later in Philadelphia. While he at first contended that he was entitled to the use of his collections in order to cover expenses, he pleaded guilty in the superior court and was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

The condition of Francis J. Heney is still most satisfactory and the attending surgeons report that he is making excellent progress on the road to recovery. He passed a comfortable night, sleeping most of the time, and rested easily Sunday.

Although the bullet has been located, embedded in the left jaw about an inch in front of the ear, the surgeons have decided not to extract it until Mr. Heney gains more strength.

The swelling in the throat is less than at any time since the patient was taken to the hospital and he is breathing normally.

Mrs. Heney spent an hour Sunday in the examination room of the surgeons who were removing grains of powder.

Heney's Condition Satisfactory.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 17.—Special Prosecutor Francis J. Heney, who was shot down by Morris Haas in Judge Lawlor's court room on Friday during the trial of Abraham Ruef on one of the numerous indictments charging him with bribery, underwent an operation Monday for the removal of the bullet which had lodged in the left lower maxillary. The operation in every way successful and Monday night at the hospital it was stated that Mr. Heney's condition is satisfactory with no signs of complications that will hinder his recovery.

Fighting Mine Fire.

Shamokin, Pa., Nov. 14.—Fire broke out Friday at the Cameron colliery, owned by the Pennsylvania Coal company and employing 1,450 men and boys and was fiercely raging Friday night. A large number of fire fighters including miners, inspectors and high officials are battling with the flames.

L. & N. TIME CARD.

Time of arrival of trains passing through and departure of trains originating at Earlington.

Effective Sunday, July 12, 1908.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 92	7.05 a. m.
No. 70	8.40 a. m.
No. 52	11.40 a. m.
No. 94	6.57 p. m.
No. 40	7.07 p. m.
No. 54	11.17 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 53	4.36 a. m.
No. 95	8.36 a. m.
No. 41	8.20 a. m.
No. 51	4.27 p. m.
No. 69	6.45 p. m.
No. 93	10.48 p. m.

INTERURBAN TRAINS.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 102	7.30 a. m.
No. 104	9.20 a. m.
No. 106	11.00 a. m.
No. 108	2.03 p. m.
No. 110	5.06 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 103	8.10 a. m.
No. 105	10.00 a. m.
No. 107	12.47 p. m.
No. 109	3.20 p. m.
No. 111	5.55 p. m.

I. C. R. R. TIME CARD

Time of departure of Illinois Central trains from Nortonville, Ky.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 102	1.28 p. m.
No. 104	3.34 a. m.
No. 122, local pass	10.35 a. m.
No. 196, local	1.28 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 101	4.06 p. m.
No. 103	1.48 a. m.
No. 121, local pass	1.28 p. m.
No. 195, local	8.40 a. m.

New Oliver No. 5

Sets Swiftest Pace Ever Known in Typewriter Selling.

The wonderful new model Oliver No. 5, has taken the market by storm. Its reception by the public has exceeded in enthusiasm anything we had dared to anticipate.

Employers and stenographers alike have welcomed it as the one machine that answers the multiplied need of the hour.

The cry is for Speed! Speed! Speed!—and the Oliver responds.

The demand for Durability is filled by the sturdy, steel-clad Oliver. To a call for a writing machine that will do many things and do each of them equally well, the Oliver answers with its unexampled versatility.

—Its visible writing saves the strain on eye and brain.

—Its legibility lends beauty to its work. The letters that bear the Oliver imprint are the letters that seem to speak.

Oliver No. 5 fairly bristles with new and exclusive time-and-saving features. We have space to mention only a few of the more important ones.

—Disappearing Indicator shows exact printing point.

—Balance Shifting Mechanism saves operative effort.

—Line Ruling Device is fine for tabulated work.

—Double Release doubles convenience.

—Non-Vibrating Base insures stability. Yet with all these added improvements, we have still further simplified the Oliver by fusing brains with metal.

Oliver No. 5 is a dream come true—the dream of Thomas Oliver crystallized into this wonderful mechanism of shining steel that embodies very possible requirement of a perfect writing machine.

Ask the nearest Oliver agent for a Free Demonstration of Oliver No. 5. Or send for The Oliver Book—yours for a postal.

The Oliver Typewriter Company, The Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Ill.

Rheumatism

Have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will straighten the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, nor turn bony growths back to flesh again. That is impossible. But I can now surely kill the pains and cause of this deplorable disease.

In Germany—with a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made a perfected, dependable prescription. Without this last ingredient, I successfully treated many, many cases of Rheumatism; but now, at last, I uniformly cured all curable cases of this heretofore much dreaded disease. These said-like granular wastes, found in Rheumatic blood, seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, these poisonous wastes freely pass from the system, and the cause of Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real need—no actual expense to suffer longer without help. We sell, and in confidence recommend

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

PRICE 50c. Trial Bottle Free

Problem in Anatomy.

"I wonder if these menu writers know how much a leg of lamb costs," said a lady the other day, as she read for the fifth time a menu in a newspaper having that part of the young sheep as the meat for dinner. "It is all very well to get a leg of lamb if you have a large family," she said, "and can pay the price, but for a small family a shoulder of lamb is much better."

Sluggish Liver a Foe to Ambition.

You can not accomplish very much if your liver is inactive as you feel dull your eyes are heavy and slight exertion exhausts you. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup stimulates the liver and bowels and makes you feel bright and active. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is mild and very pleasant to take. Orino is more effective than pills or ordinary cathartics. Refuse substitutes.

Sold by St. Bernard Drug Store, Incorporated.

A Dog's Bark.

It has been frequently noted by aeronauts that the barking of a dog is always the last sound they hear from earth, and it has been discovered that this can be heard under favorable circumstances at an elevation of four miles.

Be Charitable

to your horses as well as to yourself. You need not suffer from pains of any sort—your horses need not suffer. Try a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment. It cures all pains. J. M. Roberts, Bakersfield, Mo., writes: "I have used your Liniment for ten years and find it to be the best I have ever used for man or beast."

Sold by St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated, drug company.

Derivation of "Poster."

Posters took their name from the fact that in former times the footways of London streets were separated from the drives by a line of posts, on which advertisements were displayed.

Read the pain formula on a box of Pink Pain Tablets. Then ask your Doctor if there is a better one. Pain means congestion—blood pressure somewhere. Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets check head pains, womanly pain, pain anywhere. Try one, and see! 20 for 25c. Sold by St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated, drug department.

Hard Times.

"Yessir," said Uncle Mose, "dese an' suttin' hard times." My wife had only four places to do washing, an' dis time las' year she had six regulars an' four every other Wednesdays."

A clergyman writes: "Preventives, those little Candy Cold Cure Tablets are working wonders in my parish." Preventives surely will check a cold or the Grippe. In a very few hours. And Preventives are so safe and harmless. No Quinine, nothing harsh nor sickening. Fine for feverish restless children. Box of 48 at 35c. Sold by St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated, drugstore.

Confidence.

The surest way to destroy people's confidence in you is to continually question the motives of others.

For cuts, sprains, bruises, burns rheumatic and all other pains, use McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment. First sold in 1852, still the same effective remedy in 1908. Good for men or beast. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00.

To Get Brightness from Life.

As the sun returns in the east, so let our patience be renewed with dawn; as the sun lightens the world, so let our loving-kindness make bright the house of our habitation.—Steven-son.

Bad Backache

Such agonies as some women suffer, every month, from backache!

Is it necessary? No. It can be prevented and relieved, when caused by female trouble, by taking a medicine with specific, curative action, on the female organs and functions, which acts by relieving the congestion, stopping the pain and building the organs and functions up to a proper state of health. Try.

WINE OF CARDUI

WOMAN'S RELIEF

"I suffered for 15 years," writes Mrs. Malinda A. Akers, of Basham, Va., "with various female troubles. I had such a backache that it drew me over, so I could not stand straight. The doctors could not help me, so I took Cardui, and now I feel like a new woman."

At All Druggists

WRITE FOR FREE ADVICE, stating age and describing symptoms, to Ladies Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Pined for His Freedom.

Applying for a divorce, an old Georgia negro said to the judge: "Hit only cost me a string er fish ter git married, Jedge, but, please God, I'd give a whale ter git rid er her."

The New Pure Food and Drug Law.

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds, and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug Law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults.

Sold by St. Bernard Drug Store, Incorporated.

Be Not Pleased with Thyself.

Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desire to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest.—Francis Quarles.

There's No Use

talking, you can't beat Herbine for the liver. The greatest regulator ever offered to suffering humanity. If you suffer from liver complaint, if you are bilious and fretful, if your liver, and Herbine will put it in its proper condition. A positive cure for Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia all illa due to a torpid liver. Try a bottle and you will never use anything else.

Sold by St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated, drug department.

Ideals.

Cherish ideals as the traveler cherishes the north star, and keep the guiding light pure and bright and high above the horizon.—Hilliss.

Tickling, tight Coughs, can be surely and quickly loosened with a prescription. Druggists are dispensing everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so very, very different than common cough medicines. No Opium, no Chloroform, absolutely nothing harsh or unsafe. The tender leaves of a harmless, long healing mountainous shrub, gives the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Remedy. Those leaves have the power to calm the most distressing Cough and to soothe and heal the most sensitive bronchial membrane. Mothers should, for safety's sake alone, always demand Dr. Shoop's. It can with perfect freedom be given to the youngest babes. Test it yourself and see. Sold by St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated, drugstore.

May Be Origin of "23."

Telegraphers have a yarn to the effect that 'way back "23" was used for a death message, but veterans of the key do not recall the employment of numerals.

It isn't so difficult to strengthen a weak Stomach if one goes at it correctly. And this is true of the Heart and Kidneys. The old fashioned way of dosing the Stomach or stimulating the Heart or Kidneys is surely wrong! Dr. Shoop first pointed out this error. "Go to the weak or ailing nerves of these organs," said he. Each inside organ has its controlling or "inside nerve." When these nerves fail then these organs must surely falter. This vital truth is leading druggists everywhere to dispense and recommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative. A few days test will tell! Sold by St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated, drugstore.

No Fear Now.

No need to fear Japan. An oil trust has begun to work over there, and now the nation never will have any money.—Detroit News.

How is Your Digestion?

Mrs. Mary Bowling of No. 228 8th Ave., San Francisco, recommends a remedy for stomach trouble. She says: "Gratitude for the wonderful effect of Electric Bitters in a case of acute indigestion, prompts this testimonial. I am fully convinced that for stomach and liver troubles Electric Bitters is the best remedy on the market to-day." This great tonic and alternative medicine invigorates the system, purifies the blood and is especially helpful in all forms of female weakness.

50c. at all leading druggists.

A Merry Jest.

He—"Miss Ticks is in town." She—"Who's Miss Ticks?" He—"Why, Miss Polly Ticks, don't you know?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Watched Fifteen Years.

"For fifteen years I have watched the working of Bucklen's Arnica Salve; and it has never failed to cure any sore, boil, ulcer or burn to which it was applied. It has saved us many a doctor bill," says A. F. Hardy, of East Wilton, Maine.

25c. at all leading druggists.

Camel Can Carry Heavy Load.

A camel is able to carry a load three times greater than the horse.

Mind Your Business.

If you don't nobody will. "It is your business to keep out of liver and bowel trouble. Dr. King's New Life Pills. They keep biliousness, malaria and jaundice out of your system."

Only 25c. at all leading druggists.

Coins Not to Wear.

"It is unlawful to drill a hole into a penny or otherwise mutilate it for the purpose of using it as an ornament."

Itching, torturing skin eruptions, disfigure, annoy drive one wild. Doan's Ointment brings quick relief and lasting cures. Fifty cents at any drug store.

After a heavy meal, take a couple of Doan's Reglets, and give your stomach, liver and bowels the help they will need. Reglets bring easy, regular, regular passages of the bowels.

LOVE vs. SCIENCE

"Prof. Fulcrum, I believe."

"At your service."

"I understand that you have been for a long while a close student of the brain and have made some remarkable discoveries."

"I have simply been building on the scant knowledge held by our grandparents. It has been reserved for us to find the secret people to point out the exact spot on the brain that directs any special condition."

"Your modesty is wasted on me, professor. It is you who have made this last discovery. How did you do it?"

"Visitation. Our ancestors found difficulty in getting consent to experiment on animals. Now, with some 400,000,000 of people, life is so cheap that we can operate on human beings. I am indebted to malefactors for my discoveries. And malefactors are indebted to me as well, for I can now make an honest man of a rogue."

"By what means?"

"Trepanning. For instance, I know the exact spot in the brain that produces Kleptomania. I cut away a bit of the skull and find an abnormal development of the brain directly under it. This I cut away, and the patient has no desire to steal."

"Can you turn hate to love, or vice versa?"

"No; but I can destroy either the one or the other."

"Now we are getting down to the object of my visit. My son is in love with a girl whom I do not wish him to marry. Can you destroy his love for her?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Recent development in microscopy has shown us that each sensation has a minute corrugation on the brain. On a certain point in your son's brain will be found a little protuberance composed of these minute corrugations. If this protuberance is removed the love is killed."

"Forever?"

"Not necessarily. Another operation is required to prevent its return. I must cut away a certain tiny particle in the bump of memory for that particular girl."

"Very well, professor. I will bring my son to you at once. He is waiting without."

Prof. Fulcrum consented only on the payment of an immense fee and guaranty of indemnity in case the son claimed damages. Then the young man was shown into a room, where an anesthetic was was turned on and the operation performed.

On coming to his senses he found his head bandaged and was told that a burglar had shot him, making two bullet holes in the brain.

"Who is this Amanda Brown who is sending me flowers?" he asked one morning during convalescence.

His father, who heard the remark and hoped that he would marry the donor, was delighted. He rushed off to Prof. Fulcrum to tell him that the operation had been eminently successful.

"Now, professor," he said, "there is a girl I wish my son to marry. Can you make him love her?"

"Certainly not."

"Are you sure? She loves him and she is immensely rich."

"I am perfectly sure. I cannot create; I can only destroy."

Jennie Carr, who had been removed from Walter Higgins' memory, insisted upon seeing him as soon as it was safe for him to undergo the excitement of the meeting. Mr. Higgins, Sr., curious to know if his son would remember her on seeing her, granted permission at once.

"Oh, Walter," she said, plaintively, "I'm so sorry."

"Let me see," said Walter, looking at her scrutinizingly. "So many people have called to see me. Where have I met you?"

This was enough for Mr. Higgins, senior. He took the girl away and told her that the shooting had affected his son's memory.

One day six months later Mr. Higgins rushed into Prof. Fulcrum's workroom in a rage.

"You have swindled me!" he cried.

"How so?"

"My son has married the girl, after all."

"Well?"

"You said that you could guard against his love for her returning by destroying his memory of her. His love has returned. He has married her."

"It has not returned. If he loves her it is a new love, not the old one."

"It is certainly not a new one, for my son has had nothing to do with her since you operated on him."

"I don't believe it. My knowledge is based on long experiment and is exact. Find out what has taken place between the couple since your son's recovery and you will prove my position."

Mr. Higgins departed, and in a few days sent Prof. Fulcrum the following confession, signed by his son's wife: "I always knew that the Higgins family was opposed to me, and noticed that they were especially pleased when I was blotted from Walter's memory. I had won him once despite their opposition and resolved to do so again, keeping my effort a secret from them. I began at the beginning, in my own way pledging him not to let his family know of his meetings with me; that when I had won him I married him clandestinely before they could interfere."

Superstition of Fishermen.

In Japan among the primitive race of the Ainos even the women left at home are not allowed to talk lest the fish may hear and disapprove, while the first fish is always brought in through a window instead of a door so the other fish may not see.

No Case of Pneumonia on Record.

We do not know of a single instance where a cough or cold resulted in pneumonia or consumption when Foley's Honey and Tar had been taken. It cures coughs and colds perfectly, so do not take chances with some unknown preparation which may contain opiates, which cause constipation, a condition that retards recovery from a cold. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered.

Sold by St. Bernard Drug Store, Incorporated.

Attracting the Fish.

If the fish did not come soon enough in British Columbia the Indians used to employ a wizard, who made an image of a swimming fish and put it in the water to attract live fish to the bait.

Always Was Sick.

When a man says he was always sick—troubled with a cough that lasted all winter—what would you think if he should say—he never was sick since using Ballard's Horehound Syrup. Such a man exists. J. C. Clark, Denver, Colo., writes: "For years I was troubled with a severe cough that would last all winter. This cough left me in a miserable condition. I tried Ballard's Horehound Syrup and have not had a sick day since. That's what it did for me."

Sold by St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated, drug department.

Hallmark of Truth.

Ellet: The very truth hath a color from the disposition of the utterer.

For any pain, from top to toe, from any cause, apply Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Pain can't stay where it is used.

Value of African Peanut.

The African peanut is less delicate than the American as an article of food, but it yields more generously in oil, and is more easily crushed.

Immense Asparagus Bed.

There is an asparagus bed covering 20 acres in California.

Let Us Overcome Afflictions.

Let us set all our past and present afflictions at once before our eyes. Let us resolve to overcome them, instead of flying from them, or wearing out the sense of them by long and ignominious patience.—Lord Bolingbroke.

G. B. Burhans testifies after four Years

G. B. Burhans, of Carlisle Center, N. Y., writes: "About four years ago I wrote you stating that I had been entirely cured of a severe kidney trouble by taking less than two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure. It entirely stopped the brick dust sediment and pain and symptoms of kidney disease disappeared. I am glad to say that I have never had a return of any of those symptoms during the four years that have elapsed and I am evidently cured to stay cured, and heartily recommend Foley's Kidney Cure to one suffering from kidney or bladder trouble."

Sold by St. Bernard Drug Store, Incorporated.

Wishes.

Anger wishes that all mankind had only one neck; love, that it had only one heart; grief, two tear glands; and pride, two bent knees.—Joan Paul Friedrich Richter.

There is no Reason

why your baby should be thin and fretful during the night. Worms are the cause of thin, sickly babies. It is natural that a healthy baby should be fat and sleep well. If your baby does not retain its food, don't experiment with colic cures and other medicine, but try a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge, and you will soon see your baby have color and laugh as it should.

Sold by St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated, drug company.

Tips Grown Cold.

"Most of us," said Uncle Eben, "put in a whole lot of our lives verifyin' advice dat we might jes' as well have took in de fus' place."

Many ills come from impure blood. Can't have pure blood with faulty digestion, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters strengthens stomach, bowels and liver, and purifies the blood.

USE ST. BERNARD COAL.

Mined in Hopkins County, Kentucky, the largest coal producing county in the State. This Company operates

Eight Large Mines.

and produces about one-sixth of all the coal mined in all Kentucky.

Best Coal for Steam and Domestic Purposes.

St. Bernard No. 9 Coal has come to be recognized, through years of satisfactory use, as the standard grade both for steam and domestic purposes, in the large territory reached by our products. Another point in favor of our coal is the fact that we have established an unimpeachable record for

Prompt Service the Year Around.

Our mines are operated more days in the year than any mines in Kentucky and with an enormous output at command we are able to give the promptest and most satisfactory service.

St. Bernard Coke

is also a superior fuel and is extensively used in base burners and heating furnaces for residences or any other building that needs to be heated, and takes the place perfectly of high priced anthracite coal. This coke is extensively used in manufacturing as well and is furnished in various grades.

If your dealer does not handle our coal and coke write to us

St. BERNARD MINING CO.

INCORPORATED

Home Office: Earlington, Ky.

Mines on Louisville & Nashville and Illinois Central Railroads.

THE SAFEST AND QUICKEST WAY TO TRANSFER MONEY

IS BY LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

FOR RATES APPLY TO LOCAL MANAGER

CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

"CAN'T PUT YOU ALL ON IT, BOYS."



THE CUBANS ELECT GOMEZ

LIBERALS SWEEP THE ISLAND AND REVOLUTION OF 1906 IS UPHELD.

MENOCOL BOWS TO DECISION

Defeated Candidate Promises Support to Winner—U. S. to Withdraw on January 23, as Promised by Roosevelt.

Havana, Nov. 16.—Gen. Jose Miguel Gomez and Alfredo Zayas, the candidates of the liberal party for president and vice-president of Cuba in the national elections held Saturday swept the island. Their opponents Gen. Mario Menocal and Dr. Rafael Montoro, the candidates of the Conservative party, have been badly beaten. The revolution of 1906 has been upheld, and Cuba is ready for the re-establishment of the republic and the withdrawal of the intervening government on January 23, as promised by President Roosevelt.

The orderliness and tranquillity of Saturday's event demonstrates the receptive mood of the people and their ability to handle a critical situation.

Few Disturbances at Polls.

There was not a single row of importance while the votes were being cast. From early in the morning official telegrams from all parts of the island said the reign of tranquillity was complete, and when the polls closed at 6 o'clock the only trouble reported was from Cardenas and Matanzas, where two persons were injured in a cutting affray.

Gov. Magoon made a tour of the city twice in his automobile and visited the polling places. He was very much gratified at his reception by the voters, who cheered him enthusiastically, many times crying out "Viva Magoon y Taft."

Menocal Will Submit.

Gen. Mario Menocal, the Conservative candidate for president, although not acknowledging defeat, said:

"If the Liberals win the Conservatives will not start a revolution. On the contrary they will aid the Liberals to carry on the government. I look forward to trouble from only one source in the event of a Liberal victory, and that is trouble among the Liberals themselves. They are a coalition party and are bound to quarrel if they gain power. However, I think the government will last and the Conservatives will support it."

Gen. Jose Miguel Gomez is 53 years of age and a native of Santa Clara Province. He participated in two great revolutions, in the first of which he reached the rank of major, and in the second that of major general.

MAIL DRIVER HELD UP.

Masked Men Try to Steal Registry Sacks at Springfield, Mo.

Springfield, Mo., Nov. 13.—Three masked men attempted to rob a mail wagon here shortly after midnight, but were frightened away before they could get at the contents.

B. F. Snyder, a driver, was on his way to the Frisco station with several sacks of registered mail, when he was halted by the men.

The leader of the trio demanded the keys to the cage from Snyder, who refused to give them up, and was dealt a blow over the head with a revolver. Before the robbers could get possession of the keys they became scared and escaped.

Several arrests have been made by the police, but none of the suspects fits the description of any of the robbers.

Kaiser Refuses to Curb Power.

Berlin, Nov. 15.—Headless of the warnings of the German Reichstag and the Federal Council of the German Empire, Emperor William is determined to uphold his personal power and to exercise just as great a personal influence in both foreign and domestic affairs in the future as he has in the past.

THE PRINCE PROPOSES

By Alice M. Richards

Cinderella's green tablecloth train swept out majestically behind her. Upon her head lurching a Paris creation donated by the Fairy Godmother, while in her hand swayed a deliciously decorated fan obtained from the soda water fountain around the corner. At her side scuffled the Prince, a red bunting sash wound jauntily about his waist, a gold paper crown set at a rakish tilt upon his red hair. The stepsisters, consumed with an envy that approached wonderfully near to realism, followed in their wake.

"Now, Tommy, I'm goin' to drop it and run," whispered Cinderella. Cinderella was barelegged, but a pair of gay Turkish slippers flopped on her feet. A moment later one of these reposed upon the pathway and Cinderella was bounding up the steps of the porch, her train streaming out behind her. The stepsisters sniffed contemptuously as the Prince glared down at the slipper, surprise and well-meant hilarity mingled in his freckled face.

"Pick it up, stupid," prompted a sepulchral voice from the vine-covered piazza.

A few minutes later, two pages, who bore a striking resemblance to the stepsisters of a moment before, tottered up the path carrying between them a fat denim cushion, on which lay the slipper. Behind them stalked the Prince, his wooden sword clacking martially upon the gravel. Cautiously setting down their burden, the pages, with admirable unconcern, proceeded to resume their true characters—that of the jealous stepsisters. Giggling immoderately, they strove in vain to claim the slipper. The Prince was gradually becoming restless. A sheepish look stole over his face and longing glances were cast across his shoulder. He backed stealthily toward the steps. Alarmed at these signs of a craven spirit, Cinderella emerged hastily from among the vines and, mincing across the porch, simpered coyly at the Prince, who sulked openly, and backed closer to the steps. Foot outstretched, petrified dignity, Cinderella waited the climax. The stepsisters snickered.

"Tommy," whispered the nearest one, "you old silly, put it on and brace her and say: 'Cinderella, wilt thou be mine?'"

"Hurry up, she's gettin' mad."

"Aw, gwan, Tommy, please."

But Tommy, with a gesture horrifying to his feminine audience, had fled down the path, tearing off his insignia of royalty as he went. Cinderella stamped her foot. At the sound the Fairy Godmother appeared in the doorway.

"O, Aunt May, isn't Tommy mean? Every single time we play Cinderella he spoils it all at the end!"

"Spoils it all," echoed the stepsisters.

"I just think he might put it on once," stormed Cinderella. She also tore off her robes of state and flung them from her.

"See it I don't get even on him, horrid old thing!" and away flew the injured maiden, hot in pursuit of the recreant Prince. Amid voluble discussion of the situation, the stepsisters and the Fairy Godmother collected the royal belongings.

"Well, Cinderella, how about it? Did the ball come up to your expectations?"

Cinderella, standing straight and slim in the moonlight, watched the Prince struggle with the latch of the gate, which refused to fasten. She laughed softly.

"Why, ally, of course. Didn't the stepsisters look magnificent? They quite cast me in the shade. Please, Tommy, come on and never mind that gate. I'm cold."

There was no reply. Cinderella shivered audibly and drew her fluffy wrap more closely about her.

"You are quite as stubborn as ever, sir. I'm going in." She tripped up the gravel pathway and into the house.

A moment later the Prince slammed the gate with a triumphant click and hurried after her, but at the steps he paused and gave a surprised little whistle. Something black and shiny and small lay upon the middle stair. He thrust his hands deep in his pockets and regarded it for a full minute with thoughtful eyes. Then his lips tightened in sudden resolution.

"By Jove! I'll do it now," he exclaimed to the article before him. Stooping quickly, he caught it up, and walked slowly into the house. On the stairs sat Cinderella, her chin sunk deep in her palm, one foot curled up under her. The warm glow from the hall lamp above fell directly upon her bright hair and upturned face. Her eyes gleamed in mischievous challenge. The Prince moved across the hall, and, leaning against the newel post, looked steadily down at her. She shrank back into her room. A quick breath stirred the soft lace of her gown. She cast a longing look up the stairway behind her and followed it by an effort to rise. In another moment the slipper had dropped to the floor, the arms of the Prince were about her, and the lips of the Prince were murmuring very close to her ear: "Cinderella, dear, wilt thou be mine?"

"Oh, Me, I'm Glad I'm Free!"

"Funny thing about a woman."

"What?"

"She'll scream at a mouse, yet not turn a hair over a dressmaker's bill that makes her husband's teeth chatter."—Boston Transcript.

MACK WILL PAY BILLS.

Democratic Contributions Fell Short of Campaign Expenses.

New York, Nov. 17.—The contributions to the Democratic National committee were not sufficient to meet the expenses of the recent campaign, according to Norman E. Mack chairman. Mr. Mack said Monday that he would make the deficit good out of his own pocket, and that he would regard it as a personal obligation to see that every bill was paid.

A statement of the receipts and expenditures of the committee will be filed by the secretary of state at Albany on November 24.

To a reporter who asked Mr. Mack who was going to pay for the maintenance of permanent Democratic headquarters which are to be opened soon, either in Washington or New York, Mr. Mack said:

"The Democratic party of the United States is going to pay for it. I have had offers from every state in the union to contribute to a fund for the purpose."

BLOWN 300 FEET, LIVES.

Brakeman, Only One of Crew Unhurt, Flung Passenger Train.

Cape Girardeau, Mo., Nov. 17.—When a big Frisco engine, drawing a local freight train from Memphis to Cape Girardeau, reached Hayti early Monday morning, it blew up with such force that brakeman Fred Bossler was buried beneath the wreckage and instantly killed and Fireman H. C. Brock was so badly injured that he died here Monday night. Conductor J. H. Hathaway lies at the point of death. Engineer Sam Prissell will probably recover, although his hip and one leg were crushed and he also suffered internal injuries.

A brakeman, who remained in the caboose, was able to flag a passenger train to be met at the station.

The conductor was blown 300 feet into the woods, while Prissell was found half that distance away. Brock was under the pilot when picked up.

REELFOOT CLAN EXTENSIVE.

Grand Jury Find Organization Reaching up into Kentucky.

Union City, Tenn., Nov. 12.—Joseph L. Fry, law partner of Rice A. Pierce left here Wednesday night for Nashville where it is understood he goes to sue out writs of habeas corpus for nine alleged night riders now held in the Davidson county jail.

Important evidence was developed Wednesday, it is said, before the grand jury. Perhaps the most important fact adduced was that membership of the Reelfoot Lake clan extends into Kentucky, and that at least twelve are residents of Brownsville, that state participated in various acts committed along the northern end of Reelfoot lake.

NO RESPECTERS OF PLACE.

British Suffragettes Carry Campaign Into Place of Worship.

London, Nov. 13.—The suffragettes Thursday night for the first time carried their campaign into a place of worship. Augustine Birrell, chief secretary for Ireland, while addressing a meeting in favor of disestablishment at the city temple, was subjected to disgraceful interruptions. Nearly a score of the adherents of the suffragette movement, men and women, were ejected from the building amid uproarious scenes of struggling and violence. The earnest appeals of Secretary Birrell and the pastor of the temple to the disturbers to respect the sacred building were without avail.

Raid Cost Two Lives.

Birmingham, Ala., Nov. 16.—J. W. Harris and his 15-month-old daughter who were injured in the fusillade of shots which followed the "raid" of officers on an alleged "blind tiger," are dead. Mrs. Harris is prostrated and may not recover.

NEW PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

Bill Posters of Paris in Skirts Attract Attention.

Paris.—Not many days ago the French woman made her latest and most sensational invasion into domain of masculine activities. She appeared on the boulevards dressed in a coarse linen blouse with glue pot slung over one shoulder and a canvas bag full of hand bills strapped to her waist—in brief, she made her debut as a professional bill poster.

When the crowd of curiosity seekers and idlers thinned around the pic-



A Pretty Bill Poster of Paris.

near "colleuse d'affiches," she deigned to turn an attentive ear to the group of obsequious Parisian reporters around her.

"But, messieurs, you are keeping me from my work," she exclaimed. "If you want to hear me talk, you must hold the glue pot for me and hand me these," she unstrapped her pack and pointed to the many-hued posters within. "Ah, messieurs," she went on "you may laugh, but I shan't tell you why I became first 'colleuse' for nothing."

"Let me say first that I am well pleased with my new profession—easy work, life in the open air—and the public seems to appreciate my talents as much as if I were the favorite toe dancer of the Folies Bergere. I can't complain of an uneventful career. Best of all, the field isn't overcrowded—at least not yet. There is no tiresome red tape to go through with before you are given the right to draw one dollar for your services."

"You may well believe that when I mention red tape I know what I am talking about. Once it was the dream of my life to work in the post offices. But after I had pored many months over geographies, histories and spelling books, I failed on my examination. Then I tried for the telephone service, thinking how happy I should be with my \$1.60 a day and a secure pension ahead. I passed, but when I went up for my place I was told that I was one centimeter under regulation height. I replied that I didn't see why the administration required giantesses for their telephone girls when the army admitted such pigmies. The real reason for my refusal was that the places were filled mostly by daughters of retired officers and government officials who, of course, had the prior right—the right of 'pull.' Then I was indeed in despair. When I saw 'Wanted—Woman bill poster' in the paper I lost no time in presenting myself. I am well pleased but the 'patron' wouldn't be if he caught me trifling my time like this. Au revoir, messieurs." And she gathered together her bills and marched off with her ladder.

ONLY WOMAN R. F. D. CARRIER.

Miss Mary Cheek Has Had Regular Route Since 1902.

Washington.—Mary E. Cheek is the only woman carrying mail on rural



free delivery routes. She has been regular carrier from Toledo, O., since the route was established in 1902 and has been on duty winter and summer. It is hard work, but Mary says she "loves" it and that she believes it has benefited her health greatly.

Cinematograph in Surgery. The cinematograph can be used for recording every step in surgical operations, and for showing the whole process to a large class of students.

CITY DIRECTORY.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor—James R. Rash.
Police Judge—Chas. Cowell.
Chief of Police—Wm. Bradley.
Night Chief—Clarence Mitchell.
Tax Assessor—N. I. Tooms.
City Clerk—Paul P. Price.
Treasurer—Frank B. Arnold.
City Physician—W. K. Nesbit.
City Engineer—F. D. Rash.
Street Commissioner—Robt. Wood.
Councilmen—Jno. B. Atkinson, Madison Oldham, H. C. Bourland, L. H. O'Brien, Geo. C. Atkinson, Thos. Blair. Meeting night first Monday night in each month.
School Trustees—Paul M. Moore, Dan M. Evans, W. R. Coyle.
Board of Health—Dan M. Evans, Jno. X. Taylor, Curtis B. Johnson, M. D.
Postmaster—Eliza Robinson.

LODGES.

Masonic Lodge—E. W. Turner, No. 548 meets 1st and 3rd Fridays in each month.

CHAS. COWELL, Sec.

Victoria Lodge, No. 84, K. of P. meets every Monday night. Visitors welcome.

TREO. WATTS, Sec.

Hopkins Lodge, A. O. U. W. No. 561 meets every Thursday night.

Y. Q. WALKER, Sec.

Golden Cross Lodge, Earlinton, No. 525 meets 1st and 3rd, Saturday night in each month.

MRS. M. B. LONG, Sec.

Degree of Honor, No. 10 meets 2nd and 4th Saturday nights in each month.

MISS LIZZIE HUFF, Sec.

Ben Hur Lodge, Earlinton, No. 55 meets every Wednesday night except 4th.

WM. PERRY, Sec.

Standwaite, Tribe No. 57, Red Men meets every Friday sleep.

CLAUDE LONG, Sec.

Modern Woodmen of the World, No. 11992 meets every Wednesday.

Y. Q. WALKER, Sec.

Klub Kentucky open all hours. Business meeting 2nd Tuesday in each month.

C. L. ASHBY, Sec.

Elks, B. P. O. No. 738 meets at Madisonville Monday night.

JAS. E. FRANCEWAY, Secy.

Visiting members are cordially invited to attend any of these Lodges.

CHURCHES.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.—First mass every Sunday and holy day at 7:00 a. m. Second mass and preaching 9:30 a. m. Vespers and benediction 7 p. m. Rev. J. P. McParland, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching every

Lord's day at 10:45 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Elder W. G. Eldred, pastor.

M. E. CHURCH.—Regular services third Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m. Class meeting, second Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Rev. J. H. Embry, pastor.

Epworth League—W. S. Bram-

well, president. Meets every Sunday evening at 6:45 p. m. at the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. All are welcome.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.—Rev. J.

D. Fraser, pastor. Services on

every Sunday at 11 a. m. and

7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30

a. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday

evenings at 7:30 o'clock. Ep-

worth League, every Sunday evening

at 6:30. Ladies' Aid Society every

Monday afternoon. Official Board

meeting Monday after first Sunday

in each month.

MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH.—

Preaching the fourth Sunday at 11

a. m. and 7:30 p. m. and the preced-

ing Saturday night. Church meeting

Saturday night before the 4th Sun-

day. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

Prayer meeting every Monday night

at 7:30. Rev. C. H. Grigson, Pastor.

GENERAL BAPTIST CHURCH.—

Services Saturday night before the

first Sunday in each month at 7:30

p. m., first Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30

p. m. Prayer meeting Friday even-

ing at 7:30. Rev. Bumpus, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—HEO

LA.—Regular services first Thursday

at 7:30 p. m. and third Sunday at

3:30 p. m. in each month. Sunday

school each Sunday morning at 9:30

o'clock.

Episcopal Church.—Regular servi-

ces every Tuesday night at the City

Library, at 7:45 p. m. Public cordi-

ally invited to attend.

Geo. C. ABBETT, Rector.

Pharaoh's Mummy.

Pharaoh's mummy has been discov-

ered and unfolded, and the eyes of

readers of these pages can rest on the

very features on which the eyes of

Moses looked 3,000 years and more

ago.

Useless Worry.

It frequently happens that a woman

worries a great deal over the question

of calling on another woman who

doesn't care in the least whether she

calls or not.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Saying of a Sage.

"Enemies is unsatisfactory. When

a friend abuses ye, he means it; but

when an enemy praises ye, he doesn't

mean it."

No Place for a Picnic.

A Siamese jungle is described as a

forest of fish hooks and knives laced

together with barbed wire.

Perfumery

We have the most complete line of Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Soaps, etc., in the city of Earlinton. Also

Paints

Varnishes, Cutlery, Drugs, Medicines and everything carried in a first-class drug store. Our Prescription Department is complete. Prescriptions filled promptly and accurately by the most competent men the times afford.

St. Bernard Mining Co.,
Incorporated

Drug
Department.

WORKING A REFORM

"Aunt Nancy honored me with her undivided attention nearly all this morning," said Nannette. "And a decidedly uncomfortable time I had of it—at first."

"Unload your woes, Nannette," briefly observed her bosom friend. "She followed me to my room directly after breakfast, before I had time to put it in order, and you know how it looks sometimes."

"Rather," said her bosom friend. "Well, it looked worse than that. Aunt Nancy didn't seem to notice."

"That made me groan inwardly and wonder which of my many imperfections had attracted her notice. She did not long leave me in doubt."

"Nancy," she said, "you have the most extraordinary coiffure I have ever beheld upon a human being. How comes it that a slight young creature like you should be possessed of such an enormous head of hair? Couldn't you manage to compress it within reasonable bounds? It gives your head a size ridiculously disproportionate to your body. Such a growth of hair is almost a deformity."

"Did you ever?" ejaculated the bosom friend.

"There was a wicked twinkle in her eye and a smile about her mouth. My eyes strayed involuntarily to her own sparse locks, which were twisted into a hard knot at the back of her head if you will believe me, surmounting that excrecence was the most magnificent comb—real tortoise shell, set with seed pearls and tiny diamonds—the most exquisite object you can imagine."

"How incongruous in that connection!" murmured the bosom friend.

"Decidedly so," agreed Nannette. "Well, Aunt Nancy kept harping upon my frightful growth of hair—on would imagine that I was a monstrous ity, to hear her talk—until I had to admit that it was not all my own."

"Do you mean to tell me that you wear false hair—a young girl like you?" she cried, lifting her hands in horror. "That all those little puffs and—and sausages and beautifully waved locks are artificial?"

"The marcel wave is my own," I answered sulkily, "but the—sausages, as you call them, are false. Why, Aunt Nancy, it is the fashion—everybody wears them."

"A most ridiculous fashion," said Aunt Nancy emphatically, "and not at all becoming. Why, my dear child, do you know that much of the false hair that is sold is from the heads of Chinese criminals, many of whom have been executed for their crimes? Do you not know that America competes with France and other countries for this stuff? To think of the women of this enlightened country being willing to make caricatures of themselves by wearing bushels of hair from the heads of heathen foreigners! And to think that my own niece is among the number!"

"A trifling exaggeration on Aunt Nancy's part," murmured the bosom friend.

"She grew quite warm on the subject," went on Nannette. "I believe she would have been holding forth yet if I had not meekly submitted to her views and promised to moderate the size of my head arrangement."

"You promised that?" exclaimed the bosom friend, incredulously.

"Yes, and I don't know that I regret it, either, especially since Charles seems to consider it a sensible idea. When I told him this afternoon what Aunt Nancy thought about it he said: 'That's about the size of it, Nannette. Wasn't your coiffure a trifle—or—exaggerated?'"

"I wish I could see that comb," observed the bosom friend, somewhat irrelevantly.

"You shall," exclaimed Nannette, exultantly. "Behold!" turning her head. "It is an heirloom in the family and Aunt Nancy has handed it on to me. I do not believe that she would have trusted me with it if I had not capitulated at the psychological moment."

"It was the very wisest thing you ever did in all your life," declared the bosom friend, eyeing the comb enviously. "And I do not see but that your hair looks at least as well as it did before."

"Wait until you see me in my new hat!" moaned Nannette. "It's as big as a wagon wheel."

Very Difficult.

"I am going to be vaccinated," she said. "It mustn't show, you know."

"And where," we inquired, "do you intend to have it done?"

"Ah, that's the question!"

So saying the Salome dancer shook her head sorrowfully, almost despairingly.

HISTORIC CHAPEL TO BE RAZED.

Mexico's Oldest Church Will Give Place to a Fountain.

City of Mexico, Mexico.—The Concepcion chapel, the oldest Christian church in the City of Mexico, is to be torn down to make place for a fountain, according to the plans of the city government. This little church, so tiny that only a few people can enter it at a time, stands in the Plaza de Concepcion, on first Calle de San Lorenzo, just a step to the north and to the east of Orrin's circus. It is now a melancholy and deserted ruin.



Concepcion Chapel, City of Mexico.

a most depressing eyesore, indeed, and yet its restoration and preservation and not its destruction seemed its logical fate.

The story goes that this little chapel was built by the Spaniards soon after they reached the capital, on ground given them by the Aztecs that they might worship their gods. Here the first mass ever said in Mexico was sung by the priests of the army of the conqueror. The chapel was used for a long time, and then as larger parish churches were built it and its kind were largely abandoned as places of worship. Most of the old chapels were destroyed from time to time, and only this was left.

It had for long years, however, a single priest who cared for it, a Franciscan monk, whose name has been forgotten, but who held the services and said the masses and so kept the demon of destruction away from this little chapel. It was called Santa Lucrecia in those days, though now it is known as La Concepcion.

When the monk died, no more services were held, but the head of the Concepcion convent, across the street, claimed the chapel, and refused to let it be destroyed. Then came the laws of reform, and the chapel passed into the possession of Jose Maria Castillo y Velasco, and a Spaniard, they purchasing it for the sum of \$3,000.

Later the chapel went on to Ignacio Unzuin, who in turn sold it to Lie. Ignacio Alas, and he again to Silvester Oguin.

The government then bought it for the sum of \$6,000, and it was used as a resting place for the bodies of the poor. Later this poor function was taken from it, and it was closed, and has so remained to this day.

Now the city has determined that that bare plaza shall bloom with beauty, and on the site of this ancient chapel will be raised a fountain, and all memory of it will be gone.

SON OF SERVIAN RULER.

His Father May Share Fate of Predecessors at Hands of People.

Belgrade.—King Peter of Servia and his little son, Prince Paul, are centers



PRINCE PAUL

of interest in the Turkish excitement, because the excitable people of their country want the king to go to war. If they get too insistent and he does not comply with their will, they are likely to treat him as they did his predecessor, another member of the Obrenovitch dynasty, a few years before, and murder him in his palace. The Servians are a melodramatic people and apparently have no conscience about a little matter like a regicide.

Best Patent Laws.

American patent laws seem to be the most satisfactory of any country, and it is probable that the statutes of many countries will be changed in the near future to conform with those of the United States.

A GIFT FOR ALMA

"Mattie," said Miss Porter's bachelor brother, who had recently surprised his sister very much by becoming engaged to be married, "I wish you'd select an umbrella for Alma. I found out the last time I visited her that she needed one."

"But Donald," protested his sister, "I haven't the least idea what Alma likes. It's rather difficult to choose things for one I've never seen."

"Well," said Donald, facetiously, for he was very much in love, "your tastes and hers must be a good deal alike, for you both seem to like me." Sister Mattie sniffed rather contemptuously, but made no further objection to the task imposed upon her. She shopped painstakingly and finally bought a handsome black silk umbrella, which was slightly reduced in price owing to a fancy border, which the clerk assured her was still very stylish, though not quite the latest touch.

It was so pretty and attractive that she felt sure Alma would be delighted with it. She knew she would be herself. Notwithstanding her pretended scorn, Donald's remark that she and Alma must be a good deal alike had given her a pleasant impression that perhaps their tastes might be similar.

When Donald brought his wife home after a brief wedding trip his sister awoke very quickly to the fact that there were a great many more points of difference than of resemblance between the new sisters-in-law. Pretty Alma was not at all like plain, practical Mattie. The latter could not but marvel that her staid brother could feel at home with such a pleasure-loving creature. Still, the same personal charm that had attracted him won her heart also and she gave the little bride a warm welcome.

"Alma," said Donald the day after their arrival, "I have not seen your umbrella since we came. Do you know where it is?"

"No, I haven't the slightest idea," answered Alma, with no concern whatever in her soft voice.

"Do you remember whether we had it in the cab when we came up from the station?"

"No, I think we didn't have it then, Donald. Don't worry about it now, for you know you promised to take Mattie and me out in the parks. Don't you think you ought to be telephoning for a carriage or an automobile? Do get an automobile if you can. That's a ducky dear."

Dignified Donald a ducky dear! Sister Mattie gasped, but her brother looked foolishly happy and went obediently to the telephone in the next room.

"There," said Alma, confidentially, when she and Mattie were left alone together, "I hope he'll forget about that umbrella. I said I hadn't the slightest idea where it was and I hadn't, because I left it on the train before we changed cars at Detroit, and now it may be traveling all around the east looking for its unfortunate owner. I made up my mind the minute Donald gave me that umbrella that I would lose it very soon. It was such a disappointment when I had let him know I wanted one, for him to bring me a perfectly hideous thing. Poor old Don is a darling, but he hasn't any more taste than a cow, has he? The idea of his buying that umbrella with a fancy border. Of course, I just couldn't carry it, could I?"

"Not if it did violence to your entire nature, I suppose," answered Mattie, thinking with some grimness of the weary hours she had passed shopping for that offending article.

A week later Donald came in beaming one afternoon and saying: "I've got a surprise for you, Alma. Guess what it is."

"Oh, is it one of those lovely bracelets I admired so much in New York?"

"No, it's nothing like that," said Donald.

"An electric runabout? You know I'm wild for a little runabout."

"We could hardly afford an automobile, just now," said Donald, with gravity. "You're guessing a little above the mark."

"Well, theater tickets for to-night." "No, you were to the theater night before last, and we decided not to go more than once a week."

"You decided," corrected Alma. "I never make hard and fast rules."

"Well, what do you think I have for you?" persisted Donald, still intent on the pleasure of the surprise.

"A big box of chocolates?"

"No, you'll never guess. See here." He went into the hall and returned triumphantly bearing the lost umbrella. "I telegraphed all over the country until I traced it," he said.

"Oh," murmured Alma, dully.

Mattie, who rarely laughs, astonished her brother by her merriment.

Phosphorescent Tree.

People walking in a wood in the Wishaw district, near Glasgow, after dark, were startled the other night by what they took to be an apparition in the wood. On making investigation they found the trunk of an ash tree in an upright position giving forth a light resembling phosphorescence, but more brilliant. Those who have visited the spot stoutly insist that the tree's light is more of an incandescent brightness, sufficient for the reading of print in its vicinity. Large crowds were attracted to the place to witness the spectacle, while young people secured chips of the tree and wore them on their clothes in the dark.

AMBITION REALIZED

PRINCE FERDINAND ORDERED CROWN MADE TEN YEARS AGO.

Design Made But Plans Made to Make Him Monarch Fell Through—New Ruler of Bulgaria As He Is—Fond of Music.

London.—It is exactly ten years ago that Ferdinand of Bulgaria had his first inclination to become a king. He was not content with the common or garden title of prince, since in his hands lay the reins of government of a not inconsiderable state. In 1898 he openly announced that he wished to become king, but at that time Bulgaria would have none of it. Ferdinand has never dropped this, his pet ambition. Moreover, his mother, Princess Clementine, was as anxious as he was that her son should reign as king, and so she ordered from a Munich jeweler a crown of surprising grandeur, in which she promised to set some of the brightest jewels from the family collection of the Saxe-Coburg-Gothas. She even went a step further, and commissioned one of the greatest artists in Bavaria to prepare a special design at a handsome fee for the crown. The design was delivered and approved, but the artist failed to receive a check, and when he gently insinuated that one would be acceptable he was informed that as soon as the crown was made he should receive it. Subsequently Ferdinand gave up the idea of being crowned a king till the other day.

It is an open secret that for some time Ferdinand has been doing his



Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

best to work his way into the hearts of his people—the very people whom, but a few years ago, he always addressed and treated as dogs. He refused at one time to go among them, for he publicly said that they were the most unwashed race in Europe. He probably was right, but the truth did not sound well, falling as it did from his lips. Most of his time is devoted to sports, for he does little or no work. He is always hunting or shooting; fishing is another favorite pastime of his. He is Russian in appearance, with the Russian beard, and the cold, gray eyes. The only one of the arts to which Ferdinand is inclined is music, and he plays atrociously on the violin. But at heart he loves good music, and will go out of his way to hear it. He is a man who would not recognize the gravity of his situation, and if his country were setting out to war to-morrow, he would sleep soundly in his bed of nights.

He is tactless, and even lazy is this new European czar, but the probability is that he is doing more work now than he has ever done in his life. But that this burst of energy will last—well, that is another question.

The other Ferdinand, namely Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, the heir presumptive to the Austrian throne, is announced to be the wire-puller in the present instance, though most people prefer to look further north. The archduke, it may be said, is a whole-some hater of Britain, and his antagonism to this country has only been quashed, when about to be openly displayed, by the emperor himself. The archduke has approached the throne by a devious route. The real heir, Archduke Rudolf, the son and favorite of the aged monarch, committed suicide in some gardens in a fit of dementia in 1889, owing to an entanglement he had been thrown into with a lady. The emperor's younger brother, Karl, was the next heir, but he had the drawback of the Hapsburgs, namely weakness of character, and when he died the present archduke, a man of 43 or thereabouts, came next to the emperor.

The archduke is unlike a Hapsburg except in appearance. He is erratic and callous, a schemer, shrewd, wilful, yet withal a man of courage. He distinguished himself a short time ago by plunging into a roaring torrent at the base of a mountain to save the life of a shepherd boy, who had fallen in and was drowning, and, being a strong swimmer, he succeeded in dragging the half-dead youth to land.

Tiny Dog Worth Much Money.

Mr. Atom, the smallest griffin in the world, having a weight of 25 ounces, has been sold to Mrs. John T. Windrim, wife of an architect of Philadelphia, for \$1,000, or more than twice its weight in gold. The dog, which was found in a village near Brussels, has fine long hair, is five inches long, and four inches high.

A FELLOW FEELING

Why Welford Will Keep Dobbs' Story Secret

Mr. Dobbs was sifting ashes in the back yard of his comfortable little suburban home when Mr. Welford came out of his house next door and leaned over the fence.

"How do you do this morning, Mr. Dobbs?"

Mr. Dobbs ceased operations and looked up through a cloud of white dust. "Not very well," he said. "I've lost four pounds. Now I weigh only 197."

"Pity about you," sniffed Mr. Welford.

"You ought to have a tonic."

"I know it," the emaciated man replied.

"You ought not to work so hard."

"You're right," Mr. Dobbs assented. "Shorter hours—"

"Yes."

"And more pay—"

"Now you're making fun of me. It's no laughing matter." Mr. Dobbs was getting nettled and he wiped a bead of perspiration from his brow.

"Pon my honor, I'm not," denied Mr. Welford.

"Oh, put it on some sounder basis," said Mr. Dobbs, seeing a chance to get back at his neighbor.

"A prophet is not without honor, save to the man who lives next door," Mr. Welford paraphrased, knowing full well that Mr. Dobbs would not be able to perceive the liberties which he had taken with the verse, nor the rich sarcasm of the remark, but feeling, nevertheless, that he had scored a point.

"Depends some on the prophet," answered Mr. Dobbs, in a vaguely reflective manner. "If you knew all my feelings—"

"I'd write a book that would be one of the six best sellers."

"I say, if you knew all my feelings, maybe you'd think even less of me than you do," Mr. Dobbs was becoming introspective.

"Tell me some of them, and see what effect it will have on me," encouraged Mr. Welford.

So in the confidential manner of one who lays bare his innermost heart Mr. Dobbs began:

"Well, I'm rather suspicious of people. I have always made it a boast that I have never been swindled, had my pocket picked, or been robbed in any way. I've never had much sympathy with these people who get swindled by green-goods men, because it's only dishonest people that get swindled."

"By green-goods men," Mr. Welford interjected.

"Yes, of course, that's what I mean. Now, look here, Welford, all this is confidential. I wouldn't have my wife know this for anything."

"I won't tell a soul."

"Well, this is how it was. I was in the city last week, and as I was walking across a street I caught sight of a ten-dollar bill fluttering along just a few feet in front of me. Of course, I was not going to let that slip by me if I could help it, so I made a dive for it. A rather poorly dressed cuss spied it as I was about to reach to pick it up, and the result was that we stooped for it together. There was no doubt about the money being mine, because I had seen it first, but I felt sorry for the man. He looked cold and the wind was sweeping across the square pretty freely, so I said to him: 'See here, this is mine by rights, but I'll let you have half of it.' He grumbled a bit, but I fished a five out of my pocket, gave it to him and proceeded down Broad street."

He waited a moment to allow Mr. Welford to speak a word, but Mr. Welford kept silent, so Mr. Dobbs continued:

"I kept on until I came to a cigar store, where I stopped to get a pack of cigarettes. I didn't have any change, so I gave the clerk the bill I had picked up. He looked at it and handed it back to me, saying it was a counterfeit. He asked me where I got it, and when I told him he said the same game had been worked on one of his friends."

Mr. Dobbs again paused, and this time Mr. Welford spoke:

"Dobbs, old man," he said, "I'm not likely to tell your wife, or anybody else about that. I had the same experience myself."

When Fallen Leaves Cease to Dance.

On all the leaves that had not hurried into shelter a white frost fell that filled them with ice needles until they were crisp, and then sprouted miniature ghost ferns all along their stems and upper sides. Thus they lay stark until the white of the night gloomed into the gray of a daybreak fog that seemed to scatter all life in a formless void. After leaves have once been thoroughly frozen they dance about in the breeze no more. The forming and melting of ice crystals breaks up their cells and leaves them sodden and no longer elastic. They sag and sink and the chemic forces of the earth soon begin to work on them and resolve them into salts and humus that will go the rounds and form and nourish new leaves for another year.

Indians in New York State.

The Indian population of New York state is as follows, the figures being for the year 1905, the latest obtainable, taken by the several reservations: Allegany, 898; Cattaraugus, 1,472; Oneida, 1,041; Onondaga, 525; St. Regis, 1,206; Tonawanda, 593; Tuscarora, 384. The total of 5,000 is but four less than was shown by the Indian census of 1892.

WOMAN RUNS RANCH

MRS. R. GRUMBLES IS NEW MEXICO CATTLE QUEEN.

Widow with Seven Children Successfully Manages Large Place—An Expert with the Lariat and Branding Iron.

Memphis, Tenn.—Mrs. R. Grumbles of Carrizozo, N. M., is a resourceful little woman, a good mother, an immaculate housekeeper, a business woman, a ranch owner and "the cattle on a thousand hills" bear her mark and brand. Her ranch home is five miles north of the town. It is a beautiful little home in the valley, nestled at the foot of the mountains, where the odor of the cedar floats through her cool rooms, lending additional restfulness to the place. Virginia creeper and bitter sweet vines shade the gallery and a sweet eglantine brier grows close to the door. Other roses thrive and the "salt cedar" waves its long plumes of pink flowers gracefully to the mountain breeze.

Mrs. Grumbles went to New Mexico 20 years ago with her husband, and 17 of these years have been spent at her Carrizozo ranch. She was left a widow 12 years ago, with seven children, five daughters and two sons. The youngest daughter is now 12 years old—a typical western girl. She goes with her brothers to drive the cattle sometimes and on these occasions wears a khaki-colored divided skirt with tan stockings and russet shoes, a comfortable blouse and a sun bonnet. She can ride like a fairy and her rosy cheeks and blue eyes are witching in the extreme.

The day it was the writer's pleasure to visit there she was seated demurely embroidering a center-piece. The walls of the home are hung with pictures. There is an organ, a graphophone and other musical instruments and Indian relics gathered from the



MRS. R. GRUMBLES

mountains and from the ruins of ancient dwellings.

Would we stay for dinner? Of course we would. The long table was draped in white and was laden with a wealth of good things. There was a nice roast of home-killed beef, potatoes and sweet corn, and for dessert the most luscious peach preserves and cake. Then there was the good, sweet butter and milk.

Mrs. Grumbles finds good sale for her butter and keeps a large pen full of cows in the pasture nearby for their milk. Once a week she has a beef butchered and sells it in town.

Mrs. Grumbles attends to all the business of the ranch, even to the most minute details, and she has all well in hand. Difficulties she encounters not a few, and her share of care and sorrow, but with it all she is calm and serene, doing her duty under all circumstances. She is a fine marksman, and when in the season she can bring down a fine deer or bag a fine fat turkey before breakfast. There is not a cowboy on the plains that can excel her in throwing the lariat, and when she has to she can mark and brand the calves with a deftness that would put many a young lubber to shame. It is not often, though, that she has to lend a hand in this way, but in the cattle business, as in every other business, there come times when it is a necessity to do these things.

Has School District to Himself.

Johnny Jergensen, 11 years of age, probably occupies the most peculiar position of any pupil under the public school system in the United States. He is the only child of school age in the district near Kettle Falls, Ferry county, Washington, and has a teacher all to himself.

The instructor is M. R. Honeyman, formerly of Spokane, who took charge of the school early this month. There were three pupils at the beginning of the term, soon after which the parents of two of them moved out of the district, taking their children with them. The district is regularly organized and has a school board, with chairman, secretary and treasurer.

It also has ample funds to its credit, and in addition to this the state makes an appropriation of seven cents a school day in the year for each pupil. This is the highest appropriation of any state in the union.

JOHN HENRY ON DINNER GUESTS

Dear Bunch: Your letter from London to hand and contents noted. Peaches and I are mighty glad you're starting for home in two weeks, and we'll meet you at the pier with bells on.

We're all well here with the exception that Peaches gave an onion saengerfest night before last and I've been on the blink ever since.

This onion saengerfest thing may be a new one on you, Bunch, so I'll specify.

An onion saengerfest is where a bunch of people gather in your parlor in the evening and spill a lot of cheap songs all over the carpet while waiting for dinner to be announced.

I don't know just exactly where the onion comes in, but I suppose that applies to most of the guests.

There were present at the battle I speak of Uncle Peter Grant and Aunt Julia, Bud Hawley, and his second wife; your sister, Jennie, and her husband, Stub Wilson, from Milwaukee.

Oh, I forgot to mention that old Dr. Guffhander, the celebrated food expert, was the guest of the evening.

Dr. Guffhander is a great friend of Uncle Peter's, and has been using him for a meal ticket for several days.

Somehow or other Uncle Gregory got on to the fact that Morley Smith had sent me a case of Pommery, and



"Down in the Lehigh Valley—"

long before the dinner hour Uncle Greg complained of dust in the pipes. He hinted around so hard about the Pommery that I took him out in the butler's pantry, opened a quart of the only real wine, and let the old geezer slosh around in the surf.

After Uncle Greg came to the surface he marched back into the parlor and insisted upon slaying the swan song from Lohengrin, but his idea of a swan was so much like a turkey gobbler that loving friends had to put the moccasins to him and run him out of the room.

Then he went out in the butler's pantry, hoping to do another splash in the Pommery, but not finding any, he began to recite: "Down in the Lehigh valley me and my people grew; I was a blacksmith, cap'n; yes, and a good one, too! Let me sit down a minute, a stone's got into my shoe—"

But it wasn't a stone. It was potato salad which the Irish cook threw at him for interfering with her work.

After all the excitement was over and Uncle Greg was sleeping with magnificent noises on the sofa in the library, your sister Jennie was coaxed to sing Tosti's "Good-by."

Of course you know, Bunch, we're all very fond of your sister, but I'm afraid if Mr. Tosti ever heard her sing his "Good-by" he would say: "The same to you, and here's your hat."

Before Jennie married and moved west I remember she had a very pretty mezzo-concertina voice, but she's been so long helping Stub Wilson to make Milwaukee famous that nowadays her



"Good-By, Summer—"

top notes sound like a cuckoo clock after it's been up all night.

I suppose, Bunch, it's wrong for me to pull this on you about your own flesh and blood, but when a married woman with six fine children, one of them at Yale, sidles up in front of the piano and begins to squeak: "Good-by, summer! Good-by, summer!" just as if she were calling the dachshund in to dinner, I think it's time she declined the nomination.

Then Bud Hawley, after figuring it all out that there was no chance of his getting arrested, sat down on the piano stool and made a few sad statements, which in their original state form the basis of a Scotch ballad called, "Loch Lomond."

As you know, Bunch, Bud's system of speaking the English language is to say with his voice as much of a word as he can remember, and then finish the rest with his hands.

You can imagine what Bud would do to a song with an ornate foundation like "Loch Lomond."

When Bud barked out the first few bars, which say: "By yon bonnie bank and by yon bonnie brae," you can believe me, Bunch, everybody within hearing would have cried with joy if the piano had fallen over on Bud and flattened his equator.

And when he reached the plot of the piece, where it says: "You take the high road and I'll take the low



"Listening with a Heart Full of Pride."

road," Uncle Peter took a drink, Jack Merton took the same, Stub took an oath and I took a walk.

Never in my life, Bunch, have I heard a song so roughly handled.

And all the while Bud's wife sat there with the glad winning smile of a catfish on her face, listening with a heart full of pride while her criminal husband chased that helpless song all over the parlor, and finally left it unconscious under the sofa.

Bud was just about to pull the cork from another bottle when dinner was announced and our lives were saved. I'm so unstrung over the narrow escape, Bunch, that I'll wait until later to tell you about the eats—which were what we come for.

With respect, J. H. (Copyright, 1908, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

WALK THROUGH FIRE.

Ceremony of Sect of Brahmins in Honor of Gods of Fire and Water.

Six thousand Hindus and a select few English officials have recently witnessed in the neighborhood of Madras a remarkable religious ceremony, the principal actors being Solvistras, a sect of Brahmins.

The festival was called "the march through fire," and it is appropriately enough named. The proceedings were in honor of Brahma and Vishnu, the gods of water and fire.

Preparations for the ceremony had been going on for a month. A trench 23 feet long and 19 feet deep was dug, and in it a fire was kindled. At sunrise 40 fanatics, who were to demonstrate their asbestos nature, slowly marched around the furnace bearing the curious idols. The Solvistras were clothed in yellow tunics, and without hesitation entered the fire trench singing a hymn, the refrain of which was "Goyinda! Goyinda!"

After walking around this artificial Gehenna three times they emerged apparently none the worse for their experience, and have established an unassailable claim for sanctity among their people.

MINISTER A BUSY MAN.

Virginia Pastor Caters Not Alone to Souls of His Parishioners.

Mr. R. J. McKay, assistant general passenger agent Toledo, St. Louis & Western and Chicago & Alton railroads, in his travels through the east recently noticed in a certain Virginia newspaper the following advertisement:

REV. GEORGE W. WHARTON Carries a Full Line of STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES. OH, OYSTERS! He receives almost daily, fresh, first-class Oysters, at moderate prices. FRESH FISH! Various kinds of Fresh Fish in season, the very best, to tempt the epicurean taste.

MATRIMONIAL MATTER. Rev. Mr. Wharton's residence is a mecca for marrying couples. So just gain the consent of your best girl, secure the license, and together with a fat fee, give him a call, and he will perform the ceremony in the most approved style.

Who Wields Most Power.

In the smoking room of a popular West End club the other afternoon a group of men suddenly raised the query as to which six men wield the most power in the world, and very considerable diversity of opinion was expressed. By general consent King Edward was placed at the head of the list, but it seemed impossible to arrive at any agreement as to the remaining five. After some considerable argument it was decided to canvass the whole of the members then in the building and ask them to write down the names of the six they considered the most powerful. The following was the result, with the order of voting: First, the king; second, the pope; third, the czar; fourth, the sultan of Turkey; fifth, the president of the United States; sixth, the emperor of China. Among others who were voted for very generally were the emperor of Japan, the French president and the kaiser.—London Sketch.

TO LIVE IN PALACE

BOSTON WOMAN RENTS MANSION OF THE FARNESE.

Now Neglected and Dilapidated, But Once Magnificent—Frescoes Tell of Former Glories—Vanished Treasures of Art.

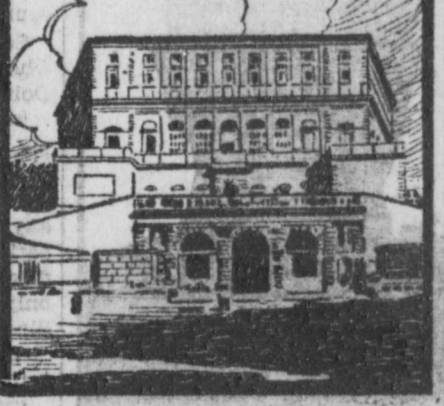
Rome.—Mrs. Florence Baldwin, an American from Boston who resides in Rome, has just rented for seven years the most magnificent and yet the least known building of its kind in Italy, the celebrated Palazzo Farnese at Caprarola, built for Cardinal Alessandro Farnese by the architect, Jacopo Barozzi, commonly known as Vignola.

The palace, with its gardens, lawns, casino or villa, orchard and chestnut woods, is now owned by the dispossessed Bourbon kings of Naples, who inherited it by descent from Elizabeth Farnese, the last of her line.

The palace has the form of a pentagon inclosing a circular court. Each of the five sides measures 130 feet and the court is 65 feet in diameter. It has three stories, each about thirty feet in height.

The building has a fortified or castellated appearance, resembling the sixteenth century citadels, and it is furnished with small sham bastions at each angle. Above the terrace formed by these bastions and their curtains the palace rises in two grand stories, the lower arched in the center, the upper including the stories of windows. Despite the difficulty of the pentagonal form the external architectural effect of the building is imposing, while the arrangements inside are commodious.

A magnificent spiral staircase ascends from the ground to the third floor, supported by double columns and adorned by rich and varied carvices. Around the first floor runs an



Front of Palazzo Farnese.

open loggia overlooking the circular courtyard below, and its walls, as well as those of almost all the chambers, are covered with frescoes by the brothers Zuccaro and by Tempesta.

The frescoes represent the history of the Farnese family. There is the marriage of Orazio Farnese with the daughter of Henry II. of France, and that of Ottavio with a daughter of Charles V. Then Alessandro and Ottavio Farnese are seen accompanying Charles V. on a campaign against the Lutherans; Paul III. is shown appointing Pietro Farnese commander of the papal army and Orazio governor of Rome.

There are many scenes from the life of Paul III., how he presided at the council of Trent, how he made peace between Francis I. and Charles V., how Charles kissed his feet and how he gave the lucky hat to four cardinals who afterward all became popes.

The chapel has windows of ancient stained glass, frescoes representing the apostles and an elaborate ceiling whose design is repeated in the pavement. One of the rooms is covered with maps like the gallery in the Vatican and has four female figures representing the four parts of the world, one of which, that representing Africa and commonly known as the Mora, is so wonderful that an American offered to pay \$12,000 for it alone.

The frescoes are in a very good state of preservation and their colors are as fresh and bright as when they were painted almost three hundred years ago. Still the lower portions of the walls bear traces of the native and foreign tourists who have been admitted to visit the palace and who, out of gratitude, perhaps, either scratched their names or defaced some of the figures on the painted walls.

But with the exception of the frescoed rooms the palace is in a state of dilapidation, and the beautiful garden is almost in utter ruin. Many of the stone figures and ancient marble statues that adorned it have been either ruthlessly broken or stolen.

There is an artificial grotto which is known as the Temple of Venus owing to the fact that above a four-armed there is a broken statue of the goddess.

Some time ago an English dealer offered to buy the mutilated Venus for \$50,000, but the government prevented the sale. An inspector of the ministry of public instruction has lately pronounced it the best specimen of Greek sculpture in existence. Still no precaution has been taken to prevent some other pious priest from trying to break it.

The palace once contained many works of art, but few remain. A dishonest steward sold 96,000 pounds of lead which he stole from the fountains in the palace and gardens. Others have done away with the old furniture and tapestries. The German and Italian tenants explored every corner and appropriated everything that the dishonest stewards of many generations overlooked.

HIS FIRST LOVE

"What was her name?" asked the girl who was making fudge in the chafing dish.

The young man with the apron tied about his waist paused with a spoon in the air. "Winnie Jones," he told her obediently, "and I loved her madly."

"You always do," said the girl at the chafing dish. "Hand me the butter."

"But I was only 12," protested the young man, stumbling on the apron in his haste to procure the needed

"Winnie Jones," ed article. "She had long black hair that her mother braided in one thick plait and it hung down her back."

"Horrid straight Indian hair, I suppose," cheerfully said the girl. "I can just see Winnie. She had a hook nose and high cheek-bones."

"She did not," contradicted the young man. "She was a pretty little girl and her pinafores always had ruffles on them. They had pockets in the right-hand side and she used to carry notes from me in the pockets. On the way to school was a stone wall with holes where the mortar had fallen out and we used the holes for a post office until the other children found it out and stole our notes. If they missed finding them the cow on the other side of the wall usually ate them up. Oh, I tell you, it was a love affair with tribulations!"

"What did you and she talk about?" asked the girl at the chafing dish.

"We didn't have to talk," explained the young man, sitting down with a pan in one hand and a kitchen spoon in the other. "We merely had to look into each other's eyes to read—"

"And you only 12?" reminded the girl doubtfully.

"But consider my eyes," said the young man. "I used to carry Winnie's schoolbooks, too, and I thrashed two of the boys—"

"Are you sure you didn't read all this in some magazine?" asked the girl. "There are so many stories written nowadays which sound like that. Did Winnie really exist as your first love or are you making her up?"

"The young man looked reproachful. "I should say she did exist!" he declared.

"I suppose you were parted by a cruel fate," went on the girl at the chafing dish. "She wept and you, gazing at the distant moon, vowed you would be true to her. And here you are—or have been—telling me I am the only girl on earth! Poor Winnie!"

"Aren't you jealous of her?" asked the young man. "A little bit? Remember, I was awfully fond of her!"

The young woman laughed. "Not a bit," she said. "I haven't any jealousy in my composition. Besides, Winnie is too far off."

"Oh, I don't know," said the young man. "Besides, I might be of a constant nature. I might be cherishing her memory."

"I don't care how many memories you cherish," said the young woman. "I shan't fight them. Winnie doesn't alarm me in the least."

"She's mighty pretty," said the young man. "That is, I mean, she was when she was about 15."

"Oh, you knew her for several years, did you?" asked the young woman, pausing an instant in stirring the contents of the chafing dish.

"We lived next door to each other," explained the young man.

"That was why you liked her, then," said the young woman, comfortably. "It was just proximity, not real attraction. You didn't really care about her!"

"Yes, I did!" said the young man, stoutly. "I recall when I was 16 I wrote a poem about her. It was a peach!"

"It must have been," agreed the young woman. "Was that what broke up your friendship?"

The young man tried to look hurt. "My poetry isn't so bad," he said. "Winnie liked it."

"She was probably foolish and scatter-brained," said the girl at the chafing dish. "Anyhow, it always flatters a man to pretend to like the things he can't. That's why you remember her so gratefully. I'm not worried about your really liking her."

"Aren't you?" asked the young man. "Of course you don't need to be."

Suddenly the young woman looked up. "What happened to send you adrift from Winnie?" she asked.

"Nothing," said the young man cheerfully.

The young woman surveyed him a moment. "When did you see her last?" she asked. "How long ago was it?"

The young man considered. "About three hours and a quarter, I should say," he told her. "You see, she still lives next door to me!"

The young woman nearly tipped over the chafing dish. "The idea!" she said, indignantly. "Is she very pretty now? Why didn't you tell me before? I believe you are in love with her yet! Are you?"

The young man looked solemn in spite of the kitchen apron for a minute. "That's what I'd like to find out myself," he said. "Isn't that candy done yet?"—Chicago Daily News.

TO HANDLE CHINESE COIN ISSUE.

Celestial Empire Selects New Yorker for Important Job.

New York.—After a search over the entire civilized world, the government of the celestial empire has come to New York to find a man with the fundamental requisites for the handling of the Chinese currency issue. That man is William A. Grant, whose business career has been focussed on the bank note business.

Mr. Grant accepted the invitation, and signed a contract for five years.



"WILLIAM A. GRANT"

The Chinese government will pay the expenses of himself and family for the trip to China, and will provide for them a house in Peking, with servants, rent and supplies free. He left New York recently to catch the Manchuria at San Francisco for the orient. Accompanying him as assistants, Mr. Grant took L. J. Hatch and William Gilfoil.

EUROPEAN PETROLEUM EXPERT.

Visited American Fields to Establish System of Unifying Tests.

New York.—Dr. Leo Umbelohde has sailed for Germany after a tour of the United States. Dr. Umbelohde is a teacher in the Technical high school of Karlsruhe and general secretary of the international commission on the products of petroleum.

Dr. Umbelohde was selected as the highest authority on petroleum products in Europe to visit the Pennsylvania oil fields to establish an international system of unifying petroleum tests. The appointment was made with the approval of the German emperor, and President Roosevelt gave his concurrence, assigning Dr.



Dr. LEO UMBELOHDE

David T. Day, chief of the geological survey, to accompany Dr. Umbelohde on his tour.

Up-to-Date Street Cars.

Philadelphia's Rapid Transit Company has put in operation 50 "pay-within" cars, which in operation are an improvement on the "pay-as-you-enter" style. Both the front and the rear platforms are closed when the cars are moving, the doors being opened only when the cars come to a full stop at crossings. These doors are operated pneumatically with a lever which the conductor handles. When the doors close the car steps fold up, making it impossible for any one to board the car after it has started. When the cars come to a stop the doors are opened and the step drops into place automatically. There are exits at each end, but entrance is only at the rear of the car.

Plants That Grow in the Air.

Fresh air babies are the aerophytes or epiphytes, the air plants which do not grow in the earth, but in the air, chiefly in trees. These air plants derive their nutriment from atmospheric moisture and thus are to be distinguished from terrestrial plants or those growing on the earth. In South America they are to be found growing on the orange trees among the branches. In appearance they resemble carnations. They blossom freely in the spring and the flowers, pink in color, grow in small bunches on one stalk.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BUREAU

By L. P. M'Cauley.

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I am only an ancient mahogany chest of drawers, massive, and of ornate workmanship. That I am unusually handsome there can be no doubt, for whenever a new acquaintance is ushered into my presence I hear such exclamations as: "Oh, how beautiful!" "What an exquisite old thing!" and they gaze with delight at the elaborately carved pillars which surmount my wonderful claw feet, and touch with an awed tenderness the shining glass knobs which ornament my highly polished front.

That I am old, is equally true! I cannot tell how old—some of the earlier events of my life are not quite clear, but what I chiefly recollect is the happy time spent with my beautiful young mistress. How well I remember her the day I first saw her! She had been away at a finishing school, and returned on a glorious summer afternoon. Through the windows in her pretty bedroom, in which I stood, the soft breeze lifted the muslin curtains, and stirred a fragrant breath among the roses which clustered about the room and offered sweet welcome to the home-coming of this lovely girl. I had heard the sound of carriage wheels upon the gravel drive, then affectionate greetings at the door, and before long light feet tripping up the stairs. A bewildering creature of light and life entered the room. Throwing her wide-brimmed hat upon the bed, she approached the corner where I stood and peeped, for an instant, into the quaint mirror which hung above me. Ah, never did mirror reflect a fairer vision of girlish loveliness!

A face of perfect oval framed by floating masses of soft brown curls; and "neath delicately arched brows, a pair of innocent blue eyes looked forth.

The happy years passed all too swiftly, and I grew to love her more and more. Her being seemed almost a part of mine. I shared her sweet secrets, and though she did not tell me what those delicately tinted notes contained, I knew them almost word for word. She would read them again and again, sometimes kissing them, as young girls will, and I felt I had a sacred mission to care for those treasures so tenderly prized by her. She had lovers, many of them, and I believe I knew almost as soon as she which one she would accept.

With what keen delight I watched her make ready for her bridal, and as the beautiful gowns of rich brocade and shimmering gauze and silk were carefully consigned to my capacious depths, and the dainty articles of feminine lingerie, many of them fashioned by her own fair fingers, I was happy to protect.

All too swiftly sped the blissful months; the joyous girl was now a happy wife, and I still shared her secrets. Into her lovely face, once so gay and gladsome, had crept a thoughtful, gentle expression, and her slender hands were often busy now shaping tiny, wonderful garments, and as she bent over her work, there was an expression in the blue eyes that was almost divine. How sweet she looked, as, with an air of shy mystery, she would lead her husband to my side and show him how the store of little garments was increasing! How the two would talk and plan together for the future of this Wonderful Being, who was coming to make gladder and fuller their wedding happiness. But such bliss was denied this loving pair. Her tender breast never knew the touch of baby fingers, nor her brow the crown of motherhood, for she slept beneath the early violets.

Life was very different for me after she died. The room where she and I dwelt so happily was closed for a long time, and the key was but seldom turned in the lock of "Lettie's chest." I was regarded as a thing too sacred to be approached carelessly.

Years passed, and a troupe of young nieces made the old house ring with life again. To them "Aunt Lettie" was only a name, for she, the eldest in a large family, had passed from earth many years before their advent, and the old chest of drawers and the moss-grown tomb in the old-fashioned garden were objects closely allied, and awe inspiring. As the years went on some of the older girls were allowed, as a special reward of merit, to take a peep into my sacred depths, and their eyes would open wide with wonder as a faded robe of quaint design, the wedding gown perchance, was shaken from its folds of yellowed tissue paper before their delighted gaze. The custodian of these hallowed treasures was a devoted sister, and at her death she bequeathed me to a niece, one of the wandering band of young sisters, and a namesake of the lovely woman who died long ere this Lettie lived. And now, in her cherry room, I live again. The face reflected in my mirror's depths is not fair, as was the other Lettie's, and is no longer in the flush of youth. The features are irregular, and in the brown hair is a generous sprinkling of gray, but the tenderness with which she guards me from injury makes me love her dearly. Sometimes she tenderly lifts in loving arms a tiny niece, and a beautiful baby face smiles above me, the blue eyes not unlike the ones I knew long years ago. "This shall be yours some day, my darling," she tells the smiling cherub. So, in the years to come, I may yet again share in the joys and sorrows that make up a maiden's life—who knows?